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## THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN a very few weeks we shall probably know the extent of the danger which the people of the Northern United States have incurred by electing Mr. LINCOLN to the Presidency. If any serious step is really meditated by any of the Slave States, it will certainly be taken at once; and any hesitation or postponement of the separation so often threatened will simply mean that the slaveholders have thought better of their threats. The strongest reason for believing that the South will submit is furnished by the significant fact that three or four of the Southern States have voted, not for Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, the Pro-slavery candidate, but for Mr. BELL, who, refusing to declare himself for one party or the other, came forward to give the electors an opportunity of expressing the opinion that the Union must, under all circumstances, be maintained. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland recoil from the extreme policy of the mere cotton-planting States; and though the Legislature of South Carolina was known, when the mail left, to be in session for the purpose of proclaiming its withdrawal from the Union in the event of Mr. LINCOLN's election, and though several other States had professed themselves willing to follow South Carolina, the chances are that even the fanatics who had pushed matters to this extremity would be startled into reflection by the unexpected news that the oldest, richest, and largest of the Slave States had been beforehand with the declaration that they intended to remain in the Federation.

The Democratic party, which will be deprived of actual power on March the 4th of next year, may be said to have enjoyed it ever since the beginning of this century. JEFFERSON, its founder, assumed office in 1801, and, out of the fifteen Presidential terms of four years each which have been included in the period elapsed since then, no more than three have fallen to the opponents of the Democrats. Indeed, the three Whig Presidencies have been characterized by incidents which bore testimony to the predominance of Democratic principles in the United States. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who became President in 1825, was elected not by the people, but by the House of Representatives. General HARRISON, who died in 1841, soon after his election, was succeeded by a President who instantly deserted the Whig party; and General TAYLOR, who died under similar circumstances in 1849, had been returned rather through the popularity of the Mexican war, in which he had commanded, than from any revulsion of feeling against the Democrats. The present success of the Republicans, under circumstances which show that the Democratic party can never hope to recover itself unless it be entirely reconstructed, will accordingly be a critical event in American history, even if it have no effect on the cohesion of the Federation. The thread of traditional policy is broken through, and there is nothing to indicate on what general principles the Government will be conducted in future. It is their uneasiness on this point which leads reflecting Englishmen to hesitate before they join in vague enthusiasm for the nominee of the Republicans. English statesmen knew the Democrats, and knew the worst which could be expected from them. They were aware that England was exposed to occasional freaks of injustice and discourtesy whenever it became convenient to call off the attention of the populace from some dangerous point of domestic controversy; but still they knew that the public men of America were wiser than the mob whose tastes they had to consult, and were not unwilling, if no superior interest stood in the way, to permit the relations between our country and theirs to remain on the ordinary footing of intercourse between two friendly nations. But the Republicans have still their policy to settle, their

experience to acquire, and their statesmanship to create; nor have we in England the slightest clue to the treatment we may look for from them, except so far as we find it in the speeches of their principal spokesman, Mr. SEWARD, who, in bidding his countrymen take from the British territories their compensation for the loss of the South, shadows forth a plan of action more insolent and immoral than the most cynical suggestions of the Democratic demagogues. It may be unfair to Mr. LINCOLN to judge him by Mr. SEWARD, but unquestionably there is much danger of his being forced into a reckless foreign policy by the lack of means to carry any domestic measure which can possibly satisfy the unbounded expectations of his friends. The sentiment which has carried him into office is antipathy to Slavery in various degrees of intensity; but this feeling he can do nothing to gratify so long as Congress is hostile to him. Indeed, he seems to have all but pledged himself to do nothing whatever to gratify it even when he has the power. Like PULTENEY, when he drove out WALPOLE, Mr. LINCOLN comes into office amid the acclamations of followers who are almost convinced that the golden age has returned; and the probability is that he will, after all, be compelled, with PULTENEY, to copy the worst and weakest features of his antagonist's scheme of government. Surrounded by an unfriendly Legislature, he will not be able to carry a single measure of domestic interest; and it is even truer of Cabinets than of nurseries, that there is somebody who always finds mischief for idle hands to do.

It is certain, however, that the immense force of opinion which is testified by Mr. LINCOLN's majorities will, in the end, give the Republicans the command of both Houses of Congress as well as of the Executive. In the long run the new party will develop a policy of its own, though nobody can now predict what it will be. All that can be said of it is, that it is more likely to justify the anticipatory revilings of the Southerners than the hasty congratulations of the English Abolitionists. The Slave States may well, indeed, be cast down or indignant at Mr. LINCOLN's victory. Not only is it a bitter humiliation for the moment, but it conclusively puts an end to the ascendancy so long enjoyed by Southern statesmen—an ascendancy which was the not undesired result of far-sighted and dexterous management. One single mistake cost the South the control of the whole American Union. This was the error committed by Mr. CALHOUN fifteen years ago, when, by a stroke of what seemed at the time the most brilliant policy, he persuaded the PRESIDENT to begin the Mexican war. Up to this period the people of the Southern States, though ostensibly divided like the North into Whigs and Democrats, were never suffered by their leaders to compromise themselves with either party. It was always to be understood that the support of the South was given to that one of the two Northern factions which showed the greatest tenderness for Southern institutions. The result was an active competition between Whigs and Democrats for Southern favour, and, though the patronage of the South was on the whole extended more frequently to the Democrats than to their opponents, the impression was always kept alive that this preference was merely given to the highest bidder, and might be transferred at any moment to the Whigs, if a better price were offered for it. It is difficult to say for how long a time the Union might have been ruled by the Slave-owners, if Mr. CALHOUN had not conceived the idea of rendering their ascendancy absolutely impregnable by multiplying the Slave States till they outnumbered the Free. The attack on Mexico was undoubtedly planned with the design of wresting from that miserable commonwealth as much territory as might be divided into seven or eight Slave States. Sufficient territory was, in fact, acquired, but the spirit of the North was aroused by the aggression; the

South was obliged to content itself with Texas, and to permit the prohibition of slavery in California, Utah, and New Mexico. Enraged by this defeat, the Southern statesmen conspired to make an inroad into the very heart of Free-soil, and prevailed on their Democratic allies to join them in passing a Bill which provisionally legalized the establishment of Slavery even in the temperate climate of the North-West. This was the measure called the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which in its ultimate consequences has ruined the Democratic party and destroyed the influence of the South. The sole principle to which Mr. LINCOLN stands pledged is the restoration of the arrangement which the Kansas-Nebraska Act set aside. It will probably be long before he succeeds; but even if he succeeds, it will not be his success which the South has to dread so much as the growth of a state of opinion in the North which renders it impossible for the Slave-owners to hold the balance between the Northern parties.

#### ITALY.

THE cause of Italian unity is at this moment exposed to dangers which thoughtful observers have long foreseen as inevitable. The stage of enthusiasm, of romantic enterprise, and of dazzling success, has been traversed, and it now only remains to organize, to govern, and to provide the conditions of permanent national existence. GARIBALDI's applauded and glorious task was less painful and difficult than the unpopular labours which CAVOUR and FARINI will be called upon to undertake in the midst of ingratitude and calumny. The Liberator risked his own life and that of his gallant followers in a daring assault on the doomed Government of the BOURBONS; but even a selfish nature might have found an adequate reward in the universal admiration of Italy and of the world. It is his proudest boast that, notwithstanding his personal discontent, he transferred his conquest to the KING who alone represents the unity of the nation; yet in England, as well as in Italy, the special partisans of GARIBALDI are using their utmost efforts to undo his crowning work. Foolish and irrelevant contrasts between the hero and the KING, charges of negligence and ingratitude, vague gossip and frivolous anecdotes are accumulated for the purpose of discrediting the form of government which was the great object and result of the Sicilian and Neapolitan enterprise. Even before FRANCIS II. is expelled from Gaeta, while priests and Royalists are raising insurrections in the provinces, the followers of MAZZINI are dividing the Italian party in the name of the national champion. It is highly probable that, in a most embarrassing position, the KING and his advisers may have fallen into special blunders; but those who attempt to destroy their popularity and influence in the new provinces are the most mischievous of deliberate or involuntary traitors. It was not for the elevation of a faultless Prince, to be served by Ministers of superhuman wisdom and virtue, but for the union of his country under the constitutional sceptre of the imperfect VICTOR EMMANUEL, that GARIBALDI fought and conquered. If anarchy and civil war result from the libels and intrigues of the democratic faction, a new proof will be afforded that the prevalence of MAZZINI's influence invariably coincides with the interests of Austria and of the Neapolitan BOURBONS.

The corresponding agitation in England against the dynastic unity of Italy, although in itself comparatively harmless, furnishes a singular illustration of the levity which is compatible with a nominal love for freedom or independence. It seems impossible for undisciplined minds to care for liberty except in connexion with some party doctrine or personal preference to which it may be casually attached. The actual union of the greater part of Italy under a single Government is too practical a result for word-spinning Socialists and Republicans. Sentimental essayists on history regard the Revolution of 1688 and the Protestant Succession with ill-concealed disfavour, because the GEORGES had little affectation of taste for literature, and because they are supposed to have been personally less picturesque than the PRETENDER. Deep-rooted freedom, national greatness, the uninterrupted growth of a century and a-half, are objects too grand and too serious for the satire and for the declamation of the platform. The same class of writers is now deeply interested in the individual sentiments of GARIBALDI, and generally persuaded that it is nobler to talk of an Italian capital at Rome than to govern Italy from Turin or from Naples. Mr. J. S. BARKER,

writing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is anxious to prove that MAZZINI is "the incarnation of the idea of Italian unity," and to depreciate, in the true spirit of his hero, the military organization which can alone defend Italian independence. A third-rate municipal agitator writes to inform GARIBALDI himself that the feeling of England is favourable to MAZZINI, and Mr. BRIGHT's organ, as might be expected, directs an incessant stream of invective against the only possible King of Italy. The new-fangled constituent ballot-box is undoubtedly the most contemptible of fraudulent devices; but the advocates of government by the rabble ought, in consistency, to affect some respect for the universal suffrage which is only a fortnight old. When the people of Naples were told to vote for annexation, they were not informed that their elected Sovereign was to hold his Crown under the control of even an heroic patriot, and still less could they have understood that "the idea of Italian unity" was more valuable than the union of Italy. But to shallow and noisy Liberalism, a military commander, an orator, an Emperor, or a phrase, is always dearer than the manly freedom which, establishing itself in the midst of practical difficulty, contrives to be reconciled with law and order. The poor subjects of despotism in France still prate about the principles of 1789, and pity their English neighbours for their oppression by a grinding feudal aristocracy. Count CAVOUR, with his profound policy, with his laborious military preparations, and, more than all, with a free Parliament at his back, repels the sympathies which attended MAZZINI in his plots against Piedmont, and in his refusal to support CHARLES ALBERT in his daring attack upon Austria.

If the Northern and Central Italians generally shared the feelings of the malcontent faction, the national cause might be regarded as desperate; but Piedmont, Tuscany, and Romagna have expressed, through their representatives, unanimous confidence in the Royal Government, and the ranks of the army are rapidly filling with recruits who come to fight and not to talk. FARINI, who governed the Duchies during the interregnum with eminent vigour and success, has undertaken the difficult task of teaching Southern Italy the great lesson of freedom. The KING himself has checked the insolence of the city mob, and he has refused to dismantle the fortress which, in time of war and revolution, may prove an indispensable shelter to his soldiers. Five considerable districts are said to be in a state of siege, and it is still uncertain whether the disturbances originate with the Royalists, with the Mazzinians, or with both parties acting in concert. The hopes of the reactionists are kept alive by the delay in the capture of Gaeta, and by the ill-concealed hostility of the French commanders to the Italian cause. But for the neighbourhood of General GOYON's posts to the Neapolitan frontier, the bulk of the BOURBON army must have capitulated to the besieging force. The French fleet keeps the sea open against the blockading squadron, and it appears to be the present policy of the Emperor NAPOLEON to prolong the civil war. If fortune were for a time equally balanced, the newspapers and pamphlets of Paris would begin to hint that Prince MURAT, who lately suspended his claims, was now pressing invited to rescue the Neapolitan people from anarchy. Under the protection of a French force, nothing would be easier than to elect a foreign pretender by a new exercise of universal suffrage. If the experiment succeeded, further opportunities of interference might readily be discovered. In 1848, a short time before his election to the Presidency of the French Republic, LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE declared himself a candidate for the throne of Sicily.

Under the guidance of the firm and experienced statesmen who surround VICTOR EMMANUEL's throne, the obstacles which delay his complete success may ultimately render it secure and permanent. It is not desirable that a regenerated nation should be rocked and dandled into unity and greatness. The Tuscans and the people of Romagna would probably have resented annexation to Piedmont if the expulsion of their Princes and the choice of their Sovereign had been the immediate result of Solferino. Deserted by France, they achieved freedom for themselves, and their union with Piedmont has since been cemented by the common enterprise of including the Roman and Neapolitan dominions within the limits of the Italian Kingdom. In suppressing reaction and anarchical intrigue, FARINI will seek aid and counsel from the able and conscientious patriots who, in the midst of the defection of the multitude, have kept the tradition of freedom alive at Naples. The KING's Government and dynasty will gradually be



identified in every mind with the cause of Italian independence; and those who have taken a part in establishing the new system will feel pride in maintaining it against foreign or domestic hostility. The personal disputes about the KING's relations with GARIBALDI will rapidly become obsolete. There is no reason to suspect VICTOR EMMANUEL of ingratitude; and the welfare of Italy, which is inseparable from the annexation of Naples, matters more than the personal tact of the KING. No services, however great, no heroism, however splendid, can transcend the importance of public safety or supersede the free action of regular authority. It is strange that Englishmen, whose freedom is wholly independent of the personal character of their Princes, should be diverted from their sympathy with the establishment of a constitutional kingdom by frivolous inquiries as to the good taste which may have been displayed or violated in private dealings with GARIBALDI.

The partial dispersion of the Dictator's volunteers is to be regretted, but it is uncertain whether it could have been avoided. The gallantry and services of 10,000 or 15,000 men, although worthy of all appreciation, are less indispensable than the discipline of the Royal army, which amounts to fifteen times that number. It would have been impossible to maintain privileged regiments by the side of the regular soldiery; and yet the followers of GARIBALDI excusably thought that they ought not to be confounded with conscripts. The KING will have been wise in dealing justly, and even generously, with the troops who conquered Sicily, and who marched unopposed to Naples; but at any cost, and under all circumstances, he is right in being master of his army. A separate legion of Garibaldians, with a divided military allegiance, might at any moment have compromised the safety of the country by some unauthorized act of hostility. The Liberator himself, when he understands the imminent risk of dissension, will probably warn his followers that, if they desire unity of national existence, they must not insist on perpetuating a duality of power. If GARIBALDI had been a match for FRANCIS II. and LAMORICIERE, and if he had prudently abstained from menaces against the French garrison in Rome, it might possibly have been well that he should complete his own work by dealing single-handed with Neapolitan disaffection. Having once accepted the Crown, and undertaken the conduct of the war, the King of ITALY cannot, without gross dereliction of duty and loss of honour, allow of any co-ordinate authority in domestic or in foreign affairs.

#### ENGLAND AND AUSTRIA.

THE exchange of diplomatic appointments between Lord BLOOMFIELD and Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS has probably attracted little attention. An occasional transfer of Ministers from one foreign Court to another is by no means undesirable, and the efficiency of the service would be still more largely promoted if diplomatists could take a share, at frequent intervals, in political life at home. The unusual course of shifting the occupants of two of the highest posts into one another's places seems intended as a precaution against the introduction of any freshness or originality into the traditions of the English Legations in Germany. Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS is familiar with Berlin, and Lord BLOOMFIELD may possibly have imbibed some Prussian impressions which may advantageously be urged on the Court of Vienna; but the only remarkable part of the arrangement consists in the elevation of a Minister Plenipotentiary to the rank of Ambassador to Austria. Some years since it was determined, in pursuance of the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons, that, for reasons of economy, all the Embassies should be suppressed except those at Paris and Constantinople. The arguments on both sides of the question were comparatively unimportant, for while the saving to the country was insignificant, it could scarcely be denied that a Minister was, for all practical purposes, quite as useful as an Ambassador. The difference between the two Commissions depends on certain rules of Court etiquette, by which the higher dignity enjoys greater facilities of personal access to the Sovereign. It was not unnatural that, in settling the reduction, an exception should be made in favour of Paris, where expenses are heavy, where English visitors are numerous, and where the head of the State transacts his most important business in person. The Ambassador to Turkey occupies an exceptional position as the official patron of all dependents of England in the East, and as the head of the Consular ser-

vice in the Levant. At St. Petersburg and at Vienna, the diminution of salary and of rank has probably been unattended with any serious consequences; yet the Foreign Office may perhaps be aware of some trifling disadvantage resulting from the suppression of the Embassies, and if the former system had been re-established at the two Imperial Courts on a suitable occasion, the House of Commons would probably not have insisted obstinately on its former recommendation. The exceptional compliment which has been paid to Austria by the nomination of Lord BLOOMFIELD as Ambassador, is injudicious, ill-timed, and almost unintelligible.

If Lord JOHN RUSSELL had any definite purpose, he must have intended to recognise some change either in the position of Austria or in her relation to England, for Lord BLOOMFIELD, in default of connexion with the Whig family alliance, is not likely to have been the object of a personal job. It is impossible that any English Minister can believe that the Austrian Empire has recently acquired an accession of strength or of importance. With Hungary menacing revolution, and Venetia threatened with invasion, it seems doubtful whether the ancient aggregation of States is not destined to entire disruption. Even Bohemia is remembering that it is a separate kingdom, and the Tyrolese are dissatisfied with the suspension of ancient franchises. An English Government may not unreasonably look with anxiety to a change which would materially affect the balance of power; but it would be an inexcusable error to attempt any interference with the internal struggles of the Empire. It has been justly thought that the interposition of a non-aggressive Power between France and Russia had a tendency to check encroachment and to preserve the general peace; but the objects of England would be equally secured by the constitution of a less heterogeneous State in the East of Europe; and if Austria, deprived of her foreign possessions, were thrown back upon Germany, the strongest of all possible barriers would be raised against French and Russian ambition. In practice, England will neither aid nor resist any revolution which may dismember the Austrian dominions, and it will be neither prudent nor dignified to incur, by empty demonstrations, the hostility of the Governments which may be ultimately established.

As the appointment of an ambassador can scarcely imply a belief in the actual aggrandizement of Austria, it would seem to indicate the establishment of a closer friendship on the part of England. It is unfortunate that an unnecessary proceeding should revive the ill-omened memory of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's penultimate despatch to the Court of Turin. That unlucky document, although it was perhaps only intended to strengthen Count CAVOUR's hands in his resistance to GARIBALDI, purported to show that English policy would, in some unknown manner, be affected by an Italian attack upon Venetia. There was a mysterious reference to English interests in the Adriatic, which seemed to imply a design of making common cause with Austria, although it would have been equally reasonable to oppose the invasion of Sicily out of regard to English interests in the Mediterranean. Italian patriots, and susceptible Liberals at home, were in some degree irritated or alarmed, and the constitution of the new embassy will certainly not diminish their suspicions. There is in reality no reason to fear any approximation of England to Austria, for Lord JOHN RUSSELL himself entertains sound views on all Italian questions, and even if he shared the sympathies of Lord MALMESBURY and Lord NORMANBY, individual Ministers are wholly powerless to resist a deep-rooted national conviction. The imprudent step which he has taken probably proceeds from a desire to be impartial, and perhaps it may imply a belief that the late Imperial rescripts are conformable to the principles of SOMERS and of FOX. The Austrian Government will accept the appointment of an ambassador as an encouragement to resistance, while the Italians will not fail to remember that only a Minister Plenipotentiary is at present accredited to Turin. If the Empire is dissolved into its component parts, there will be considerable awkwardness in withdrawing the dignified representative who can only reside at a Court of the first order.

For official purposes it is proper to recognise existing relations as if they were to endure for ever, but there is no reason why a statesman should regulate his policy by official fictions. The English Cabinet or the Foreign Secretary must be less fully informed than the community at large if they fail to understand the alarming dangers which at present impend over Austria. In Hungary, only an inappreciable

minority accepts the Imperial concessions as final; while the more powerful party, which equally objects to insurrection, proposes to make use of the Constitution for the purpose of restoring the ancient privileges of the unimpaired Kingdom. If FRANCIS JOSEPH were King of Hungary alone, he might acquire fresh strength by submitting to the condition of a constitutional Sovereign; but, when his Hungarian subjects have attained perfect self-government, he will have to reconcile a policy which he cannot direct with the necessities and interests of his remaining States. The right of granting money and of enlisting soldiers, which is claimed on behalf of the Diet, involves an absolute control over peace and war. The best excuse for the unsuccessful obstinacy of the EMPEROR is to be found in the certainty that the Hungarian demands involve the practical disruption of his dominions. If the supremacy of the new Council of the Empire could have been substituted for the ancient privileges of the Diet, it might have been possible for Austria to emerge from the crisis with unimpaired resources. Under present circumstances it seems impossible that the EMPEROR can obtain easier terms than the re-establishment of the Constitution, or, as it is technically called, the *restitutio in integrum*. If he is insane enough, after the experience of eleven years, to provoke a rebellion, the House of HAPSBURG must be prepared to descend into the rank of secondary Princes.

It may be argued that the ancient franchises of Hungary have not prevented the Emperors of Austria from holding a high position in Europe; but, in former times, kings and subjects looked less closely into the exact boundaries of their respective rights, and the declaratory charters which embody the results of popular victories invariably extend the liberties which they nominally define. If the EMPEROR wisely concedes the demands of the moderate Liberal party, the Diet will probably exercise its power over the finances and the army by refusing to provide means for the defence of Venetia. Under the old constitution, although the same power was reserved to the representatives of the Kingdom, the Crown had many opportunities of influencing the dominant aristocracy through the magnates who held dignities and regiments in the Austrian service. The revived Diet will be a national Parliament, and its members will have been elected for the express purpose of resisting all encroachments which may be attempted at Vienna. The sympathies which unite the Hungarian Liberals with the regenerators of Italy could not even have been imagined by former generations. The Diet negotiated long and jealously for the security and enlargement of the national privileges before consenting to adopt the cause of MARIA THERESA; but when the warlike nobles, after driving a hard bargain, agreed, if necessary, to die for their "King," their enthusiasm was not checked by the faintest prejudice in favour of FREDERICK the GREAT. Under LEOPOLD and FRANCIS II. the Hungarians were equally willing to repel French invasion, and probably they might not be disinclined to measure their strength with Russia. The exploits of their countrymen under GARIBALDI would almost alone furnish a conclusive reason against any concurrence in a war which Austria has reason to anticipate in Italy. A great Sovereign might possibly contrive, by the exercise of foresight, of firmness, and of seasonable pliancy, to find new resources in the complicated relations which seem likely to exist among the Austrian provinces. If the maturity of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH should belie, by wisdom and by fortune, the ignoble auguries of his youth, judicious Englishmen will rejoice in the revival of an ancient Power which will have known how to adapt itself to existing necessities. When Venetia is amicably surrendered to Italy, when Hungary cordially seconds the policy of the Crown, when Austria is of the same mind with Prussia as to the freedom and unity of Germany—after the lapse of many years, and the occurrence of numerous improbabilities—it will be time enough for some successor of Lord JOHN RUSSELL to accredit as Ambassador to Vienna some successor of Lord BLOOMFIELD.

#### THE PROCTORIAL JURISDICTION AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE learn, from one or two pamphlets which have reached us from Cambridge, that the authorities of the University have been thrown into no little excitement by an attack on a privilege which they deem absolutely essential to the discharge of their educational duties. Besides the authority which each College exercises within its own precinct, the University itself has, from very ancient times, laid

claim to a special jurisdiction over a part of the town population which, let us hope, is excessively limited in numbers. It pretends to have the power of searching houses of ill-fame for the purpose of discovering whether any student be hidden in them; and also of arresting, detaining, questioning, and if necessary imprisoning, any female of suspected morality who may be found in the streets. The organ of this jurisdiction is the official known as the Proctor, who, up to this year or last, has discharged his useful functions in peace from all gainsayers except the writers of University novels. At length, however, a generation has grown up in the town of Cambridge to whom the proctorial authority is gall and wormwood. It is unavoidable that young women who are positively virtuous should be occasionally stopped in the streets by the academical functionary; and it must still more frequently happen that others should from time to time be interfered with whose errand cannot exactly be proved. Several cases of this sort have occurred recently in Cambridge; and, though the persons arrested have been released after investigation, there are gentlemen, it seems, in the town who cannot tolerate a system under which error is possible. Several actions have therefore been brought against the University. It is understood that the plaintiffs in these actions deny the right of the Proctor to act on mere suspicion, and even to punish by imprisonment offenders whose case is flagrant.

The dispute is likely to resolve itself almost wholly into a controversy on a point of law, and on its technical bearings we do not propose to say anything. The only semblance of a popular reason for abolishing the Proctorial jurisdiction is to be found in the suggestion of Mr. EDWIN JAMES, thrown out on a trial similar to those which are coming on, that University College in London and the Scottish Universities manage to do without a special police. But we suspect that the gentlemen who take most interest in University College consider its inability to control the private life of its students rather as a misfortune than as an advantage; indeed, much of its ill-success arises from the dislike of parents to letting their sons pass their nonage in the midst of a great city. Of the Scottish Universities it is enough to say that their students have seldom money to spare, and are saved from temptation by their poverty. But at Oxford and Cambridge a young man has the means of spending pretty nearly what he pleases. Not that undergraduates are universally, or even generally, the children of rich fathers; but it is the peculiarity of the place that facilities for expenditure are enjoyed by all alike. Experience justifies the University tradesman in giving credit to everybody, for practically it is found that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the poorest country clergyman or retired officer manages, in the end, to pay his son's debts, and the stoical virtue which condemns an extravagant youngster to the Insolvent Court appears to be confined to Dukes. The question, therefore, is whether the University can continue to exist if it has no special jurisdiction over streets crowded with young men in the heyday of youth who can always keep money in their pockets by the simple expedient of not paying their tailor. Nobody can doubt what Cambridge will become if it once is made generally known that no evidence of her calling, however unmistakable, will expose a female to the interference of the Proctor. A wholesale emigration will take place from the Haymarket to Trumpington-street; and, as in the Middle Ages, some of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in the world will overlook and shelter exhibitions of vice which the laical part of society refuses to harbour any longer. The point involved in the quarrel is evidently a vital one. One part of the Proctorial jurisdiction—the power of entering suspected houses with the view of ascertaining whether any student is concealed there—might be safely given up. The delinquent in such case is probably beyond academical correction. But the superintendence of the streets by the officers of the University is a very different matter. The morality of Oxford and Cambridge is not at present so low but that purity of life is the general rule. A vicious man must go out of his way to find the means of satisfying his tastes. But the rarity of temptation, which the present system undoubtedly secures, will be exchanged, if the opponents of the Proctors are successful, for an abundance of opportunity which is to be found neither in the Quartier Latin nor in the purlieus of the London hospitals. The new state of things, if ever brought about, must be confronted with a new discipline; and the new discipline will, by the nature of the case, be fatal to that comparative liberty of action—the distinguishing feature of English University



life—which renders it the best preparation for the after-career of a free citizen.

It is said that this resistance to the Proctorial authority is seconded by the favourable opinion, to say the least, of a good many respectable gentlemen connected with the Town of Cambridge. One may be permitted to marvel that persons of good local position, tender no doubt of their reputation for morality, and perhaps not untinted by the historical Puritanism of the Eastern Counties, should be strenuously maintaining what is, after all, the cause of the courtesan. The reasons assigned by these staid burghers for wearing the camelia in their button-hole are strange enough. They say they are so shocked at the very notion of their daughters' being mistaken by the Proctor for members of the class subject to Proctorial jurisdiction, that they would obviate the possibility of error by sweeping away the jurisdiction itself. It is really singular that, rather than have the young women of the place cured once for all of the habit of lurking about at dusk by a temporary detention or a grave admonition, some of the Cambridge townsmen should prefer having their streets reduced to a state in which it would be impossible they should be traversed by any virtuous woman whatever. The truth is, their opposition to the powers claimed by the University, if it really exists, must flow from the ancient antagonism between Town and Gown. There is still enough of the old feeling left to make the University rulers somewhat supercilious in their disdain of that which in bygone days they were accustomed to call the *impudentia oppidanorum*, and to make the leading townsmen ready to join in any attempt to destroy an exceptional privilege of the University. Nothing offends an academical dignitary more than a suggestion that the Colleges ought to be brought under municipal administration; and nothing irritates a substantial townsman so poignantly as a doubt whether Cambridge, with its stately river and exquisite scenery, would not be quite as opulent and attractive a place as it is now, even were the University suppressed. It is not, however, necessary to enter on the vexed question whether the advantages derived by the Town from the University are not considerable enough for it to be reasonable that the townsmen should submit to some compensating inconveniences. Since the Cambridge University Bill passed, it suffices to point out that Cambridge is a national University, and that national interest requires sufficient securities to be provided for the morality of undergraduates. If, indeed, the sacrifice demanded from the people of the Town were the abandonment of any considerable franchise, they might reply, as the Pope's subjects reply to the Catholic world, that they do not see why they should be victimized for anybody's benefit. But all that is asked of them is that, if their young women choose to parade the streets at nightfall, they should submit to be questioned as to their reason for selecting such an hour for exercise. Nobody would listen to a complaint of the civil population of Portsmouth or Chatham that, contrary to the natural liberty of Englishmen, they are compelled to answer the importunate challenges of half-a-dozen sentries if they choose to take a walk in the evening. The consideration of national interest puts an end to the question, and the grievances of the townsmen of Cambridge fall to the ground for the same reason. If the University jurisdiction turns out to be illegal, we have little doubt that it will be legalized by Parliament.

#### M. BILLAULT'S CIRCULAR.

FRENCH pastorals are not generally read on this side of the Channel; but M. BILLAULT's circular seems to show that they must be more amusing than the corresponding productions of the Anglican Episcopate. When some learned and exemplary prelate has inflicted two or three hours of a charge on his helpless incumbents and curates, the secular authorities have no occasion to bestir themselves for the purpose of checking the general circulation of the document. According to dioceses and dates of consecration, the pastoral varies from an apology for ecclesiastical order to a solemn protest against innovation, antiquarianism, and theological inquiry. The clergy of different parties welcome and resent the notice of their respective opinions, or in some instances they agree to applaud the good taste which has avoided a collision with any opinion whatever. At the clerical dinner in the evening, it is the duty of some archdeacon or rural dean to request that the charge may be printed, and the more conscientious rectors eventually order a copy of the instructive triennial publication. The ceremony would be

far more exciting if bishops' charges were written, like leading articles, on the political questions of the day; and in Ireland it must be allowed that the non-established Church profits to the utmost by the national tolerance of seditious language. It is impossible to deny that an exaggerated burst of political rant is more readable than a disquisition on altar-candlesticks or on parochial charities; but, in their hastier moments, admirers of truth, of decency, and of good sense are sometimes tempted to wish that a censor or a police inspector could deal with Dr. CULLEN. On cooler reflection, contemptuous tolerance approves itself to every thoughtful Englishman as preferable to the control which foreign Governments exercise over insubordinate ecclesiastics; yet it would have indicated cowardice rather than regard for religious liberty if the French episcopal pamphlets on behalf of the Pope had not provoked an official warning. In a country where political freedom is non-existent, any exceptional license operates as the privilege of a class, and it is neither just nor prudent to let the bishops loose upon opponents who are constantly hampered by legal and administrative impediments. It was natural that the bishops should enjoy special exemptions as long as they confined themselves to denunciations of liberty, and while they exhorted their flocks to reverence the newly-discovered heir of CHARLEMAGNE and Eldest Son of the Church. It is true that servility may not be less secular than sedition; but when M. BILLAULT talks of political pamphlets as objectionable, he means that recent pastorals are on the wrong side in politics. As the accomplices of Imperial usurpation are disposed to mutiny against their master, it seems perfectly reasonable to withdraw an indulgence which was only intended to facilitate a particular form of dishonesty.

The French Government is fortunate in the opportunity of acquiring popularity even in the extension of its system of repression. The very Ministers and Prefects who have been forced for ten years to affect an uncongenial orthodoxy will take the pleasure natural to Frenchmen in administering a rebuff to the priesthood. If it can be said that functionaries have any feeling or preference, perhaps that colourless class would be inclined to pride itself on that adherence to what are called the doctrines of 1789 which consists in exemption from what, at that epoch, were considered prejudices. Two or three even of NAPOLEON's courtiers and marshals are reported to have sneered in private at the restoration of the Church which they had long been taught to hate and to ridicule. The more perfect discipline of the Second Empire is not incompatible with a latent desire to realize some faint dream of intellectual liberty. On the other hand, the Church has thus far no serious reason for complaint. The persecution, as far as it has hitherto proceeded, scarcely justifies recent pulpit allusions to the memory of DIOCLETIAN. M. BILLAULT has not even warned the bishops not to talk treason in their cathedrals; and for the present they are allowed to paste their pastorals on the church-doors, although the police may perhaps not always allow passers-by to stop and read the sacred lucubrations. If a wider publicity is desired, the pastoral, now falling within the category of a pamphlet, must be deposited in the proper office and decorated with the necessary stamps. It was needless to add that all the penal consequences of political publications will attach to the documents which are, in the first instance, to be legally identified. As the official warning has been provoked by protests in favour of a rigid despotism, the bishops themselves will hardly have the audacity to object to the control of the Government over the press. The obnoxious pastorals claim for the Pope an indefeasible sovereignty over a portion of Italy, and the priests have always maintained, with perfect logical consistency, that an inalienable crown necessarily involves absolute power. Under the government of the Holy See, political pamphlets were forbidden, and even episcopal charges, if their purport had been unpalatable, would have been unhesitatingly suppressed. It is not for Roman Catholic prelates to object to a system which they have steadily supported in Italy as well as in France. The recent pastorals are the less defensible, inasmuch as they are avowedly intended to advocate foreign interests. It is desirable that a prelate in his episcopal character should abstain from taking a side in domestic politics, but it is intolerable that he should openly advocate foreign interests in opposition to the policy of his own country. The consequences of a postponement of social and political duties to sacerdotal relations are as odious as the system from which they necessarily follow. The French bishops may profess to show that the

glory or the interest of France is concerned in the re-establishment of the Papal prerogative; but it must be evident, even to their followers, that their political reasoning is only accessory to their ecclesiastical convictions or prejudices. It would be not less their determination and their supposed duty to defend the POPE against his countrymen, even if it were certain that the restoration of the Holy See would involve heavy disasters to France. The libels which M. BILLAULT proposes to check are not even the utterances of a mistaken patriotism. Ultramontanism in France, as well as in Ireland, abstains, with ostentatious selfishness, from the decorous affectation of consulting any interests but those of Rome and its hierarchy.

It is probably beyond the power of statesmen or of Sovereigns to revive the independent tendencies of the prerevolutionary Gallican Church; nor would the object, if it were attainable, be desired by the chief or by the agents of a levelling despotism. Yet it is well worth while to inquire why, in almost all parts of Europe, modern Roman Catholic dignitaries regard themselves as the officers of a foreign garrison in the presence of alien local authorities. The perverse agitation in favour of the POPE which the Imperial Government is now attempting to suppress is fostered by the same causes which have produced clerical disaffection in Rhenish Prussia, in Belgium, in Baden, in Piedmont, and in Ireland. It is somewhat more difficult to deal with a Romish priesthood than with any national clergy, but the difference between the loyalty of the English Established Church and the factious isolation of the French prelacy is by no means exclusively to be referred to reasons either of doctrine or of discipline. The confiscation of ecclesiastical revenues in all parts of the Continent has destroyed the useful links by which the clergy were connected with secular, or, in other words, with real life. England is the only country of Western Europe in which a clergyman is likely to be a landowner, a magistrate, a farmer, a man of letters, or a gentleman. In all these capacities the vicar or the prebendary instinctively remembers that he had a country and a share in human nature before he had a profession. With legitimate occupation for his ineradicable worldly propensities, he is at leisure to attend to his spiritual functions without forming part of a conspiracy against society. The peasant priest, knowing that he is excluded by prejudice from all ordinary callings, can only satisfy his pride and his craving for activity by devoting himself to the aggrandizement of his order. In a higher class, a French Archbishop, with the pay of a head clerk in a bank, is strongly tempted to ally himself with the policy of Rome, instead of accepting a subordinate position among his own countrymen. The old Gallican bishops, if they had been disposed to abjure their own principles, could never have drawn after them the clergy which included in its number cadets of almost every noble family in France. Equality of individual poverty converts the clergy into the satellites of Rome even more certainly than the same influences prostrate the lay inhabitants of a department at the feet of the prefect.

Hungary is almost the only part of the Continent in which wealthy and aristocratic prelates still exercise a considerable influence in political affairs. It is also the only country in which the bishops support the rights of the nation, in opposition to the attempted usurpations of Rome. In all the recent discussions the just claims of the Protestants have been steadily advocated by some of the highest members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Religious enthusiasts may be excused for desiring that their clergy should not be diverted from their sacred mission by knowledge, by luxury, by common interests, by human duties, or by conscience. It is only strange that dispassionate politicians should fail to understand that exclusion from secular relations necessarily involves the introduction of worldly motives into spiritual engagements. The comfortable English bishop is content to compose his edifying charge without reference to those foreign politics which he may elsewhere study or expound at his pleasure. The ascetic Frenchman, abstracted from all thoughts of lay ambition, can but meditate profoundly on the means of giving the Church an advantage over the world. As the natural result of his apostolic seclusion, he profanes the pulpit with political tirades; and happening, in the course of events, to dissolve his alliance with a patronizing Government, he falls, not undeservedly, into the clutches of M. BILLAULT.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is something more than a convenient expression or a rhetorical figure in that discovery of modern political science which thinks and treats of nations as individuals. The impersonation, which ARBUTHNOT was among the first to familiarize, of JOHN BULL and NIC. FROG has deeper recommendations than its compendiousness. Such a thing as national character, and even the recognition of a State's conscience, may be regarded as conveying a deep truth. It will in practice be found best to reduce our political relations to the same laws, and to conduct them on the same principles, as our social relations. ARISTOTLE was perfectly right in making his *Politics*, or science of a State, the expansion of his moral philosophy; and if *Ethics*—our duty towards our neighbour, as the Catechism would call it—were recognised as the rule and standard of our international intercourse, as is perhaps the aim of publicists and priests, we should much simplify the public business of the modern States-system. It often happens that there is such a thing as a misunderstanding among nations, and it grows up much as misunderstandings occur—for no real reason at all—among persons in private life. Nations reproduce the petty passions as well as the broad character of individuals. One of the most fruitful sources of jealousy and prejudice, hatred and variance, in private life, is that people do not know each other. Two persons, perhaps, are in the habit of meeting—say in the same railway-carriage. They have not been formally introduced, and know next to nothing of each other; certain external and small characteristics of temper, manner, and bearing are prominent; and on these mutual judgment is formed, and mutual dislike and suspicion are engendered. The one man thinks the other uppish, conceited, and much given to airs and superciliousness; and, in return, the unfriendly critic is set down as a vulgarian and a snob. Very possibly, the estimate is either altogether untrue or much exaggerated; and from experience, when we become known to each other, our unfavourable judgment is much modified. There is nothing like personal intercourse for rubbing off the angles of common life. It is with nations as with individuals, and the visit of the Prince of WALES to the United States illustrates this truism of daily experience in our social relations. Hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are, in nine cases out of ten, engendered by absolute ignorance about our neighbour's character. Not that, either in men or in nations, the prominent and external marks of character are untrue; but still they do not reveal the whole man. The general national character as estimated by by-standers and strangers, our companions with whom we are not on visiting terms in the great railway carriage of the world, may be, as far as it goes, true. But it is not the whole truth. It is a partial view. England may be what the world gives her credit for being—supercilious, proud, and unsympathizing. America may not be exempt from the faults and foibles natural to young and prosperous communities. But this is, in neither case, the whole man. Opposition and mutual ignorance exaggerate these evils, and on either side they would nearly disappear if either Uncle Sam or John Bull would leave a card or ask the other to dinner.

This is precisely the common sense and commonplace aspect of the PRINCE's visit to the United States. The ice has been judiciously broken—the stagnating crust of years of tacit aversion has been swept away by the healthy breeze of mutual confidence. There were, we must confess it, many causes why England and the United States should have formerly hated each other. It is a family quarrel, and family quarrels are the hardest of estrangements to set right. Both parties know each other's weak side, and the hole in your coat or your character cannot long be concealed from domestic eyes. It is neither in reason nor in nature that the circumstances under which “the rebel colony threw off the yoke of the Mother-country” should not leave on either side bitterness and heartburning. It was all very fine and chivalrous for old GEORGE III. to make his famous declaration on receiving the first American Envoy; and “MR. WASHINGTON,” we believe, never failed in veneration and respect for the old country. But the common minds of either community were not, because people generally are not, very generous. Soreness there must be on the one side, and boasting on the other. And it happened that there were, and perhaps always will be, those whose interest it is to appeal to the vulgar passions. Where party feuds run high, there will always be a Republican or a Democrat interest whose purpose it suits to pander to popular prejudice, and



to scatter not ambiguous hints to keep up the international raw, the family feud of generations. Critical travellers and satirical novelists find that a stimulating book is more easily dashed off by dwelling on the outside disagreeables of your cousin. And in America it so happens that the unfortunate tendency of the political system is to keep all the better natures and higher intelligence out of the political world. In practice, it is as unfair to judge the United States by Mr. SICKLES or the Honourable Senator from Texas as it would be to estimate the intellect or good feeling of Portland-place and the Regent's-park by the vulgar insolence of a Marylebone vestry. A man is shy of putting the best side of his moral nature forward in an omnibus, and the United States, like Brown or Jones, require to be known in order to be appreciated.

It was the wisest and kindest of thoughts to send the Prince of WALES to the United States. We could afford to do it. It is the duty of the head of the house to offer the first courtesies, and to hold out the uninvited hand. England is in a position not to be misunderstood. Fifty, or even thirty, years ago, our advances might have been misinterpreted. Our standing in the world permits us to be the first to claim that bygones should be bygones; and our frank and honourable invitation to more cordial intimacy has been as gracefully accepted as courteously tendered. America has shown that she was worthy of such generous confidence. With a noble alacrity, she has met us more than half-way. She has shown that she feels that blood is thicker than water. If conscious of her own defects, she knows from whom she has inherited her faults of temper. If confident in her strength, and bold in the anticipation of a future of empire and usefulness, she cannot but be proud of the roots of all her elements of greatness. *Au fond*, there can be nothing but natural love and family pride deep-seated in the English and American estimate of each other; but the deeper these feelings are the more difficult are they to draw out. Men will not reveal the core of their best being, unless deeply touched to finer issues. The presence of the Son of England in New York has brought out all that is noblest in the American character. In his one long ovation, in that triumphal progress from Detroit to Portland, there has been but a single moral significance. Like those antique friezes in which there is a noble monotony and repetition of attitudes—where every incident reproduces its predecessor, and prancing horse and victorious rider only give promise of an endless succession of their fellows—so it was with Chicago and Washington, and New York and Boston. It was but the same thing over and over again, and all was welcome, and generosity, and hospitality, and thoughtful consideration.

We may mark, also, how significantly the visit of the Prince of WALES told upon just those points in which we have misunderstood each other. The common American estimate of England was that of a proud and feudal aristocracy, disdaining intercourse, and hugging the rusty and cumbersome fetters of ceremonial and etiquette. What did Americans experience of English exclusiveness? They saw the Eldest Son of England, the heir of the British Crown, all natural affability, all innate courtliness and gentleness, mingling, without an attempt at condescension, in American life. They saw a youth of simple and natural tastes at the prairie farm, and with the enjoyable and joyous healthiness of early manhood—a gentleman in the ball-room, with a dignity equal to his station as the representative of an Imperial nation, and a specimen of what education and refinement can do in exalting, but not effacing, the national character. And as was the Telemachus of England, so was his Mentor. In Canada the Duke of NEWCASTLE had shown, in the teeth of perplexing difficulties, that judgment and firmness which were so significantly adapted to tell on the better side of the American mind. The stand which he made against Orange insolence in the English colony was exactly calculated to attract the sympathies and confidence of those better minds which rejoice in a practical proof of the necessity and policy of standing out against mob rule. And, on the other hand, in those precise particulars in which America had been supposed to be most wanting, she was most sensitively alive to the duty of hospitality. Not a single cloud darkened that long summer day of good taste and good feeling, and the PRINCE'S reception was marked by an extreme of delicacy and a thoughtful and considerate absence of intrusion which are the very last characteristics to be expected in America, if we only listen to its detractors. Not that this delicacy was a mere extemporaneous effort. There was a genuine warmth in the

whole people. America would have none of the sham of etiquette, and the hollow affectation of an incognito was flung to the winds. The "Baron of RENFREW" could not stand for an instant against the reality and truth of the American greeting. It was the Prince of WALES, the Heir of England, GEORGE III.'s great-grandson, the highest gentleman and the first Prince of Europe—and he the representative of their own blood and ancestry—that came among them; and less than this they would not accept. They rated the compliment and the confidence at the highest, and they were right in so doing.

Two incidents—and those of a character almost poetical and significant of good every way—may be selected as marks of this memorable visit. On the one hand, the Prince of WALES at the grave of WASHINGTON, and the heir of the British Crown steering the boat which conveyed himself and the President of the UNITED STATES, may be taken as proving that the past of bitterness and pride is at an end as far as England is concerned. On the other, the beautiful circumstance that the bells of old Trinity Church, the mother church of New York, have been tuned to the chimes of "God Save the Queen," and that in the very church from which Doctor (subsequently Bishop) INGLIS was expelled for praying for GEORGE III., the Queen of ENGLAND was publicly commemorated in the Liturgy, in the presence of her eldest son, tells more than volumes for the fact that the American heart is in the right place. We never believed in the contingency of any lasting political estrangement between the two countries; and the visit of the Prince of WALES has made it all but impossible.

Side by side with these political advantages which have accrued from the visit of the Prince of WALES, we cannot forget the immense benefits which must have attended our young ASTYANAX personally. Times, of course, have changed, and, even were he so inclined, ALBERT EDWARD could scarcely reproduce the last Prince of WALES; but at an age which too many of the youth of England spend in folly and in vice our Prince of WALES was learning many men in many cities, was surveying the natural glories of the prairie and the Father of Waters, was learning the arts by which nations grow, was preparing himself for rule in the companionship of one of England's most trusted and tried counsellors, and was the honoured instrument of cementing the fellowship of nations and undoing the follies of his fathers. The Duke of NEWCASTLE'S services in this important political event will not fail to be recognised on both sides of the Atlantic. He returns to this country honoured with the confidence and respect of America, and with that gratitude which England knows how to bestow on one who has discharged a most responsible duty under circumstances which must try the judgment of the most skilful.

#### THE MEMORIAL OF THE INDIGO PLANTERS.

IT is never fair to bear too hardly on men who are undergoing a great misfortune, or to criticise too severely their sayings and doings. The indigo planters are in a very critical position. They fear lest their capital should be suddenly swept away, and lest all the fruits of a long and toilsome residence in a tropical climate should perish as by an unexpected blight. If persons labouring under so fearful an alarm wander into irrelevant accusations, or seek for impossible remedies, the kindest and best thing to do would be to throw a friendly veil over their mistakes. But unfortunately the planters have friends in England who delight in the task of exciting public opinion here, in the hope that the Home authorities may be stirred up to throw dirt in the face of the authorities in India. Whatever the planters assert, whether right or wrong, relevant or irrelevant, is twisted into a case against the Indian Civil Service. We cannot, therefore, avoid saying a few words on a memorial which they have lately presented to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, and which is supposed to prove that Sir CHARLES WOOD ought immediately to administer a good snubbing to the Indian bureaucracy. The memorial chiefly consists of a complaint that the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of BENGAL has made an imputation on the planters which they do not deserve. In a memoir on the Indigo question, addressed, about three months ago, to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Mr. GRANT took occasion to observe that the planters could certainly not complain of the whole Civil Service being hostile to them, as one magistrate in particular had given two decisions in their favour quite inconsistent

with law; and that he appeared to have been exposed to a friendly pressure on their part. We have no evidence to enable us to judge whether there were any circumstances to warrant this supposition, except that both decisions were wrong, and both were in favour of the planters. The memorial now presented by the planters endeavours to show that both decisions were right. As the dispute turns on questions of fact, it is impossible in England to say whether their version of the matter is right or not. In the first case, the magistrate punished a man who professed to act as the legal adviser of the ryots, and who counselled them as to the course they ought to pursue. The planters own that the magistrate exceeded his jurisdiction at any rate, but the particular ground on which Mr. GRANT blamed his subordinate was, that he punished a man who was acting as legal adviser of the ryots, and had a right to give the advice he thought best. The planters have been collecting evidence, and they now offer to show that the man was not provided with the proper authority to act in that capacity. It is impossible to pronounce any opinion on the point of fact; but Mr. GRANT, from the statement of facts submitted to him, concluded that the person punished was the legal adviser of the ryots, and he therefore very properly pointed out that such a person ought certainly not to be punished criminally as conspiring to promote disturbance, because he explained to his client what he thought were his rights. It is rather hard that a high official should be compared to VERRES, and be told that he is a pestilent bureaucrat, because he treats as an attorney a person whose retainer is, some months afterwards, pronounced to be invalid by parties interested in denying its validity.

In the other case, an action, or rather several actions, were brought to enforce a series of contracts, and this same magistrate decided against the ryot. An appeal was lodged, and the judge who delivered the judgment of the Supreme Court reversed the decision appealed against, because one of the contracts was dated three years earlier than the stamped paper on which it was made. In fact, the Supreme Court held that the contract had been fraudulently antedated. Mr. GRANT commented on this, and censured the magistrate who had allowed so obvious a point to pass him, and coupling it with the former case, he intimated that in his opinion the influence of the planters with this particular magistrate must have been too great. The language in which he did so is open to some slight objection, as he converted this single instance into too sweeping a charge against the planters that they liked to sue in courts favourable to them. But this is not the point on which they chiefly dwell. They want to establish that the judgment of the Appeal Court was wrong. They say that the date of the contract was a clerical error, and that it was only by accident that the real time of the making of the contract, which was the year subsequent to the date of the stamp, was not inserted. In their own language, they "do not hesitate" to say that the decision was wrong, and that it will be "reversed on appeal." No one in England has the very slightest means whatever of judging whether the wrong date was the result of fraud or negligence. All that we can know is that Mr. GRANT is described as the tyrannous head of a perverse and prejudiced bureaucracy, because he accepts the facts on which the Supreme Court of Appeal have based their judgment, and because the people who are interested in upsetting that judgment "have no hesitation in saying" they will succeed in doing so.

How anything in all this can possibly be held to show that the Indian Civil Service is a bureaucracy adverse to colonization it is difficult to imagine. The very fault which Mr. GRANT attributed to his subordinate was the wish to see the case of the planters in too favourable a light. The point which the planters try to make out is that the junior members of the Civil Service are not too prejudiced in favour of European settlers. It is true that they think the higher authority is prejudiced against them, but then their notion of prejudice is that it consists in a disposition to accept the judgment of an Appeal Court, and in a hesitation to admit that a contrary opinion pronounced by the losing side must be right. Assuming the facts to be true, a Lieutenant-Governor, writing on the Indigo question, cannot be blamed for visiting with reprobation the decisions of a magistrate who appeared to be too much under the influence of one of the parties to the quarrel. Particular phrases in Mr. GRANT's memoir might have been more carefully worded, but that is the most that can be said. If the planters and the magistrate were wrong, there is no

bad *animus* shown by Mr. GRANT in censuring them; nor has the *animus* of Mr. GRANT anything whatever to do with the Civil Service generally. The planters inveigh against the official who called the attention of Mr. GRANT to the judgment of the Supreme Court as if it showed very bad feeling in a subordinate to communicate an important fact to his superior with reference to a question on which he knew his superior was collecting information. People who are irritated with Government at last get to such a pitch of excitement that they are indignant that any official machinery exists at all. They speak as if persons who are only performing a piece of routine were leagued against them. They work themselves up until they feel like a prisoner who dwells on his woes until he persuades himself that judge and jury, and counsel, are all in one base conspiracy to do him injustice and prevent his having a fair chance. The only new practical remedy which the planters propose for all their grievances is, that the Lieutenant-Governor should not have so much power. His subordinates, they say, depend on him, and if he turns against any particular class, as Mr. GRANT is supposed to have turned against the planters, it is useless to hope that justice will be administered by local officers who have everything to gain by being unjust and pleasing the great man. If the Lieutenant-Governor was made powerless, this, they urge, could not happen. They might also add that if a Lieutenant-Governor were powerless, he would be scarcely worth his keep. When, in the earlier part of the memorial, the planters ask that the character of the inferior Civil Courts should be raised and their number increased, they get upon much surer ground. This is exactly what the Commission recommended, and in providing this remedy the Home Government can be of use. How the Civil Service is to be made to contain an adequate number of persons who have been taught theoretically and practically the business of an administrator of the law is a question which must be decided by those who select the members of the Civil Service, and determine the course and extent of their special education. As to the native judges, the only way of raising the standard is to give good pay and set efficient Europeans over them. An improvement in the general administration of the law must, however, be necessarily a work of time, and it will scarcely show that the Indian authorities deserve to be compared to VERRES if they cannot complete the task of many years in a few months.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE singular perturbations which have occurred of late in the money market appear at first sight sufficiently puzzling. Quite suddenly the Bank of France, though still retaining a larger amount of bullion than is stored in the cellars of Threadneedle-street, experienced a very active drain, and the disturbance was, as it could not but be, propagated without delay to the London market. The rate of discount rose in both countries, but the effect in England, which was not itself the centre of disturbance, was to all appearance more violent than at the primary seat of the mischief that was going on. This alone was enough to show that something beyond the natural laws of commerce was at work, and the subsequent course of events has illustrated, in a still more striking way, the difference between the tactics of the Banks of France and England. After vainly endeavouring to keep their coffers filled by buying up all the gold that arrived from Australia, the Directors of the Bank of France have hit upon the expedient of borrowing from the Bank of England a large amount of gold on the security of an equal amount of silver. The strangest part of the transaction is, that this operation has given immediate relief to both countries; and, in the opinion of the City, so far as the current rates may be taken as an index, it has arrested the little crisis which had begun to be generally feared. In order to form any guess at the probable course of monetary affairs, it is essential to discriminate between the natural and the artificial causes which have combined to produce the active fluctuations which have been troubling the serenity of the Money Market. If all countries followed the wholesome practice adopted by the Bank of England of regulating its action in obedience to the natural changes of supply and demand, it would never be very difficult to interpret the meaning of every fluctuation in the rate of discount. The gain to commerce from the general adoption of this simple policy would be immense; but, unfortunately, this is very far from being the view entertained by the half-political, half-commercial institution which regulates the monetary affairs of France. If a drain



of gold sets in here, our Bank Directors are wise enough to resort to the natural remedy of raising the rate of discount. When ready money is scarce, its price in future obligations is increased, and except in times of actual panic, when a rise in the rate of discount rather stimulates than checks the rush for accommodation, this natural plan of letting the market rule itself invariably succeeds in arresting, sooner or later, any dangerous outflow of bullion. Every bank must at last be driven to meet pressing difficulties in the same way, but in France the guiding principle seems to be, to try empirical remedies of various kinds before submitting to the only sound treatment. When the demand for accommodation in Paris exceeds the means available to meet it, every possible expedient is exhausted before trying the obvious method of raising the terms of the Bank. Almost every derangement which has occurred in the money market of late years has been preceded by unexpected large purchases of gold for the Bank of France. Operations of this kind can only be effected at a considerable loss, as they are really equivalent to borrowing money on rather stringent terms, for the purpose of lending it again to the customers of the Bank at a lower rate than that which the establishment itself is paying for it. It is easy to understand that this irregular mode of conducting its affairs is forced on the Bank of France by the political influences which surround it; and if the mischief were confined to Paris, we and others should have no right to complain. But all tampering with the regular operation of monetary laws is sure to send a wave of disturbance all over the world; and not only does the spasmodic action of the Bank of France tend often to produce needless alarm and confusion, but it so veils the true current of affairs that it is almost impossible for the mercantile world to regulate its conduct on any sound appreciation of the real proportions of demand and supply.

The immediate difficulty in this instance seems to have arisen from the policy of accumulating silver, in preference to gold, which has been pursued by the Bank of France. Whether this has been done under the pressure of Imperial orders, as some have surmised, or with the notion that silver was the better metal to hold, the effect of it has been seriously to cripple the power of France to encounter a foreign drain of gold. The exchange of the one metal for the other which has just been arranged will relieve the immediate pressure; but as no man ever got richer by changing a sovereign for twenty shillings, or twenty shillings for a sovereign, it is obvious that, so far as the recent rise in the rate of interest may have been caused by a growing scarcity of capital, it will not be permanently affected by any interchange of gold and silver between the Banks of England and France. If artificial causes alone have been at work, an artificial remedy may end the disturbance; but it is not unlikely that a real rise in the value of capital, as distinguished from a mere monetary derangement, has had something to do with the symptoms of the last few weeks. So few years have elapsed since the commercial atmosphere was purified by the last crisis, and the course of trade has been of late so steady, and in some departments so extremely profitable, that there is not the least reason to suspect any unsoundness in the condition of English commerce. We have had no speculative mania, and the dangerous facilities afforded by adventurous money-dealers have received a wholesome check from the prudent regulations of the Bank of England. But it does not follow, that because we are in all probability safe from anything like a crisis, therefore every rise in the rate of discount is to be explained away as a mere accidental irregularity. Many circumstances concur to point to a comparative scarcity of capital as likely enough to show itself by the unmistakable evidence of a rather high rate of interest. Manufacturing production has been active enough in England, but the greatest productive process of all—the manufacture of food—has been anything but prosperous. The value of the whole European harvest is certainly far below the average of the last few years, and every quarter of grain which is deficient represents a corresponding abatement in the stock of capital which is available for the employment of labour and the conduct of commerce. Then, again, the waste of wealth in the unproductive labour of soldiers and sailors, and in the manufacture of warlike stores, has been almost unprecedented. Every country in Europe has been devoting an unusual proportion of its resources to warlike preparations, and some have been further crippled by the destructive operations of actual conflict. The prosperity which has been enjoyed by some branches of trade has itself tended to absorb more than the ordinary proportion

of capital; and when these considerations are put together, it would be taking an over-sanguine view to assume that the vagaries of the Bank of France were the sole cause of the late disturbance, and that the recent transmutation of the precious metals has brought matters back to their old condition, or paved the way for the two per cent. times which we are apt to look for during the intervals between our periodical panics.

Perhaps there would be little reason to regret the permanence of a moderately high rate of interest. The higher the beam rises in one oscillation, the lower it will sink in the next, and though excessively easy times are extremely pleasant while they last, it would probably be better for the nation at large if the rate of interest never sank much below its average amount. Inflation is, after all, but the first symptom of a crisis, and if the sobering influence of a rather high rate of interest may be unfavourable to magnificent undertakings, it might, if permanent, enable us to solve the problem of getting through rather more than ten years without a general crash. Apart from the effect produced by military extravagance, there are some permanent causes which may prevent capital from becoming so redundant as it has been in former years. The normal tendency of things is, of course, to lower the rate of interest and profits as the world gets older and richer; but the great addition made of late years to the facilities for communication has a powerful effect in equalizing the rates which prevail in different countries, and in supplying outlets for capital which cannot find remunerative investment at home. This special stimulus to the demand for capital, which is the feature of modern times, may not improbably countervail the chronic increase in the supply, and it is not an extravagant expectation that the very low and the very high rates which have generally prevailed in the different years of every decennial interval may, in the period which dates from 1857, be replaced by a more moderate prosperity and a less ruinous collapse. Whether this be or be not a sound surmise, it seems tolerably clear that, for the present, at any rate, there is not much to justify alarm for the future, and still less to encourage extravagant hopes.

#### THE COMIC VIEW OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

AS sixty years of the nineteenth century have now almost passed away, we may flatter ourselves that we have learnt by this time to appreciate the eighteenth century with tolerable justice. And certainly few topics have received more ample discussion. Thirty years ago there was a violent reaction from the whole tone and the whole set of principles which pervaded the society and the literature of the times of Queen Anne and the early Georges. The spirit of those days was pronounced essentially narrow, secular, and small. England was invited to escape into a wider circle of ideas, and to refresh herself with the study of an earlier period, when there was more romance and a higher range of thought, and a greater absorption in the eternal interests of man, and a freer exhibition of the nobler elements of human character. The times of Elizabeth and of Charles I. were resuscitated. Coleridge analysed or invented the remoter meanings of Shakspeare's greatest conceptions; and a strong effort was made to revive the feelings with which religion was regarded in the days of the Civil War. English society has derived the greatest benefit from this movement. We have been introduced to many new lines of thought by it, and have got rid of many small prejudices, and many cherished pieces of bigotry with which the eighteenth century had saddled us. The study of the Elizabethan writers, if it has not given us better poets, has at least given us better critics. The standard of taste has been raised, and a renewed attention has been given to the topics which chiefly occupied the minds of the best men when modern England began to form itself. The respect for antiquity, the value set upon art, and especially upon architecture, and the opposition to the arrogance of material prosperity which are among the best features of England at the present day, are distinctly traceable to the same turn of mind which exhorted the world to reject with scorn the shallow dogmatism of the eighteenth century. Like most reactions, this reaction was accompanied with much nonsense which is now being fast forgotten, after having been heartily laughed at, and considerable injustice was done to the eighteenth century by its being thus set up as a warning; but still the movement itself was just on the whole, and was highly beneficial.

Since then, ample retribution has been made, and the eighteenth century has again become a favourite. Its prevailing characteristics were such that it could not long be in disgrace. It is pre-eminently an entertaining century, and its chief men and women are of that warm, comfortable, solidly sensible nature, which makes them seem always at home with those who study the story of their lives. The very narrowness which has been charged against them makes them all the more intelligible, and they are generally so very right as far as they go. They certainly are secular, but then

secular things are admirably suited to this world; and getting from an Elizabethan writer to Johnson, Fielding, or Pope, produces something of the same brightening, relieving, comforting sensation which is perceived on arriving home from church to a good fire and dinner. We are filled with respect for the things sacred we have left behind us, but things temporal also have their attractions. The humour of the eighteenth century was perfectly genuine, but still was neither recondite nor refined. Sterne, the greatest humorist of the eighteenth century, is entirely concerned with what may be called the surface view of life. And yet the sensibility of the eighteenth century cannot be denied, although it comes before us in so unpretending a shape that even reserved and unexcitable people do not conceal that they are deeply affected by its records. Much too of our time is necessarily taken up with the practical part of morality and politics and theology—with thinking, not of great principles, but of their application. Here the eighteenth century is admirable. Its sense, its just conception of what is possible and desirable in the world, its keen appreciation of all that is ludicrous in affectation, make it unrivalled as a practical guide. Johnson especially has left behind him a collection of dicta which may not unjustly be called the Book of Proverbs of the English nation. The writers of that day also lived in a small circle, and thus their lives are known to us as the lives of few other writers ever can be. Their letters are models of letter writing, because they were addressed to a knot of persons who thought and lived in the same way, who cultivated assiduously an attainable, solid sort of excellence, and who had the same interests and acquaintances. Society was advanced enough to be modernized, and not advanced enough to be broken up. The biographies of the men of those times accordingly seem to us as natural and comprehensible, and running in as familiar a groove as if they were the biographies of our own contemporaries; and yet we know them more intimately than our contemporaries can be known, now that society has become so much larger, and that men of any eminence are obliged to entrench themselves in a prudent reserve and privacy in order to escape intrusion and enforced publicity.

The delight, however, which the sociable and familiar character of the eighteenth century naturally inspires has led in recent years to some very curious results. Lord Macaulay, in his Essay on Boswell's Johnson, and Mr. Forster, in his Life of Goldsmith, have collected together all the incidents, great and small, which can be supposed to bear upon the career of those two literary celebrities. Being agreeable writers, they have made their stories in the highest degree pleasant, and, being skilful writers, they have known how to weave minute details into the narrative without abandoning the higher interest which attaches to the lives of such men as Johnson and Goldsmith. But one portion of their readers has been specially taken with these minor details, and the smallest events in the lives of Johnson and Goldsmith are now thought of a peculiar and almost sacred importance. It is the sociability of the eighteenth century which makes itself felt in this way, and which impels the persons of whom we speak to linger over the memories of those who are best known to them among the writers of that century, and to recur to them, and expect others to recur to them, as men recur to the words of a familiar and popular song. But there are other reasons also for the peculiar affection with which the most trifling incidents in the lives of Johnson and Goldsmith are regarded. In the time of Johnson there was something like the literary man, who now exists only in imagination. There were a few writers who were known to society generally, for society was small enough to share its acquaintances, and who were courted, petted, and idolized—whose faults were pardoned because they wrote well, and who were contented with the precarious life which they led. Their renown, and the confiding intimacy of the circles to which their renown introduced them, fill the imagination of modern writers, and inspire the dream that a person who publishes fugitive writings is a literary man, provided only that he shows himself to be of the guild by an adequate knowledge of the lives and writings of Johnson, Goldsmith, and their contemporaries. But the signs of a guild must always be of the most external kind, and as easily recognisable as possible. It has therefore been tacitly agreed that the odour of familiarity with the chosen representatives of the literature of the eighteenth century shall be held to attach to any one who speaks of Johnson and Goldsmith in tone of jocular intimacy, and calls them "Dear old Sam Johnson," and "Large-hearted Noll." There are also a few incidents in the lives of the two men which are thought more than usually typical and droll, and to which allusions ought to be frequently made. These are more particularly Johnson finding outside the door the shoes which had been presented to him, his sitting behind the screen while Cave, the printer, entertained his friends, and Goldsmith pawning his fine clothes to relieve a beggar. To allude playfully to such stories as these seems to be regarded as a sort of ticket of entrance into the ranks of light literature. The modern comic writer seems to see in Johnson and Goldsmith merely persons who lived to furnish these stories, and to establish a character of literary sociability. This is a strange instance of the mode in which posterity treats the dead. Goldsmith and Johnson were both celebrated in their day, and both deserved to be so; but the modern comic writers who guide the opinions of a large portion of the reading public have given these favourite heroes a very different celebrity now from what they enjoyed in their

own day. It is indeed by a mere accident that Goldsmith holds the prominent place he now does. We are so accustomed to hear every event of his life spoken of with rapturous minuteness, and with an air of affectionate solemnity, that we are apt to forget that he was really a minor writer, whose genius, though indisputable, was very narrow, whose aims and subjects were small, and who led a singularly silly, purposeless, and miserable life. He happened, however, to hold a place in the literary circles of his day very much like that which is occupied by a pretty hostess. He gathered people around him who played with him, and petted him, and found that, with a companion to laugh at and like in common, they got on better with each other. He is, therefore, as Mr. Forster has shown, a good subject for modern biography, because, in speaking of him, so much can be said conveniently and naturally of others. But that such a man should be exalted into a hero, and that the knowledge of what he did with the velvet dresses which his vanity compelled him to buy should be held to give a particularly literary air to persons who live a century after him, is one of the oddest vagaries of posthumous fame. Johnson, certainly, is not rated more highly than he deserves, for he is the embodiment of all the best qualities of the eighteenth century—of its sense, its good practical judgment, its substantial love of justice, and its hearty kindness. But that the interest of Johnson's intellectual tastes and high moral character should now be held to centre in a few stories showing his poverty and eccentricity is a wonderful freak of fortune. Perhaps no one could be more indignant at such a mode of honouring his memory than Johnson would be if he were to wake up and find the Grub-street of the present day busy with recollections of the way he ate tripe, and of the dirt of his wig, and the drollery of his gait.

It may be observed that the way in which comic writers treat the eighteenth century is exactly the way in which they treat the society around them from which they extract their comedy. There are a great many persons to be met with every day who have peculiarities like the barbarous address of Johnson and the idiotic generosity of Goldsmith. It is also true that we may often find in such people a spirit of sociability, and a fair amount of kindness of heart. The two things are put together. The peculiarity is stereotyped. The man who is brought into the comic story, in imitation of a real character occasionally odd, is made always odd, and is supposed to have no other occupation, and no other distinguishing mark, except what is connected with the typical oddity assigned to him. The Johnson of the comic story is for ever diving behind Cave's screen, and the Goldsmith of the story is for ever dressing himself in smart clothes, and relieving beggars. The man is lost and absorbed in his one peculiarity. But, if this were all, comic stories would offend and weary us by their exclusive attention to oddities. Great stress is therefore laid on the sociability, friendliness, and boon companionship of odd people. The literary intimacy of the eighteenth century is reflected in the grouping of the story around plenteous boards and jovial Christmas parties and plenty of demonstrative love-making. These pictures of life are not quite untrue. There are odd people who are very good and very happy, and of whom it is agreeable to hear, just as it is pleasant to hear or have heard how Johnson and Goldsmith lived. But the harm of comic stories is also the counterpart of the wrong which is done to the eighteenth century by perpetually dwelling on the eccentricities and amiability of one or two favourite writers belonging to it. Oddity and sociability are only a small and comparatively a mean part of human life, just as they were only a comparatively insignificant part of the lives of the eighteenth-century writers. The comic story throws into the shade all the higher interests of life, and teaches its readers to forget that such interests exist, precisely as the comic view of the eighteenth century passes over the learning of Gibbon, the patriotism of Chatham, and the oratory of Burke, to dwell on Johnson's shoes and Goldsmith's shirt-frills.

#### PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALS.

THE most careless observer of the events at present passing in Europe can hardly have failed to observe that they give rise to an extraordinary number of moral problems of the most curious kind. The questions raised by the Thirty Years' War suggested to Grotius the composition of the great book which has exercised over one of the most important departments of human affairs a greater degree of influence than almost any other human composition. If the present generation does not produce another treatise on the laws of nations, at least equal in interest and importance, it will be for want of a Grotius to write it, and not for want of circumstances to suggest it. If we make the effort necessary to rise above mere party and national views, and try in good faith to consider the different questions raised by the recent history of France, Germany, and Italy, we shall find that most of the current phrases by the help of which we usually talk and write upon such subjects are so inadequate that we stand in need of an entirely new set of theories upon some of the most important of the relations in which men stand to each other. What are we to say of the *coup d'état* of December 1851? Was it, in perfect strictness of language, lying, conspiracy, and murder, or was it something else for which we have no definite name—and, if so, what ought it to be called? Was the crime of Orsini a murder in the same sense in which it is murder for a burglar to cut a man's throat for the sake of rob-



bing him? Were the Austrians wrong when they invaded Piedmont, or the Piedmontese when they provoked them to do so, or the French when they crossed the Alps, or Garibaldi when he invaded Sicily, or Victor Emmanuel when he invaded the Papal States? and, if so, who committed what offence, and why? We usually answer these questions according to our prejudices. We in England do not stand upon trifles when the object in view is the liberation of Italy from such a dynasty as that of the Neapolitan Bourbons. If Garibaldi or Count Cavour takes liberties with what is called international law, we utter the faintest reproof, but substantially applaud and admire. On the other hand, no words are too hard for those who break through the very same rules in the very same way on the other side of the question. We praise the *collucies gentium* who follow Garibaldi, but we stigmatize the foreign troops of the Pope by every means in our power. Perhaps this is not to be avoided in our present state of knowledge. Politically speaking, this is an age of persecution. We have not yet learned to agree to differ upon international as we have upon theological questions; and accordingly, we call actions done on our own side venial outbreaks of a generous enthusiasm, which, if they were done on the other side, we should stigmatize as atrocious violations of the most sacred principles of international law and eternal justice. To solve the questions thus raised would require the composition of a second treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, embodying all the social and political principles which have been discovered since the publication of the work of Grotius. A few observations may be made in this place as to the sort of considerations with which the author of such a book would have to deal.

All our common language about public events is the language of private morality. There is something which flatters several of the weaknesses of the English mind in the assertion that to send out into the streets of a peaceful town a party of men dressed in uniform, with muskets and bayonets in their hands, and with orders to kill and plunder, is just as much murder and robbery as to break into a house with half-a-dozen companions out of uniform, and do the same things. There is a sort of sham sturdiness, and an analogy to some useful and very characteristic peculiarities of English law, about such language, which, to the average English mind, is very attractive. It is, however, altogether fallacious. Murder and robbery are technical words, and presume a settled state of society affording security to life and property. This is true of almost all the words which are employed to stigmatize particular acts. They all depend upon, and flow from, the private relations of life, and will be found to refer almost entirely to four or five great classes of rights and duties. Some of the most important of these are personal rights—the rights of property, rights arising out of the relation of marriage, and the rights and duties which exist between States and their subjects. Almost all the common phrases of morality depend upon, and flow from, these rights. The second table of the Ten Commandments gives the best summary of them. Honour thy father and thy mother—Thou shalt not kill—Thou shalt not steal—Thou shalt not commit adultery—Thou shalt not bear false witness—Thou shalt not covet. Each of these commandments, and the rights and duties which spring from it, assume a settled state of society. Perhaps the two broadest and most conspicuous are, Thou shalt not kill, and Thou shalt not steal—in other words, you shall respect your neighbour's life and property. Unless he were a member of some society, a man could not possess property; and if he were a mere solitary unit, unrelated to any other existing being, it can hardly be said that it would be murder, in the ordinary sense of the word, for any other equally isolated being to kill him. We have no name for such an act, for all our language about human affairs proceeds upon an entirely different set of conceptions. We mean by murder the wilful deliberate killing without just cause, and without certain specified excuses, of a man who comes under the protection of our municipal laws; and in all that is said—and justly said—about the atrocity of murder, there is a tacit reference to this state of things. The general doctrine as to both murder and theft may be said to be that, in the normal state of society, people ought to guarantee to each other the enjoyment of life and property against the attacks to which private passions usually expose them. This is the common settled course of human societies, and these are the principles which are applied to human affairs in an enormous majority of the cases which arise. In respect, however, to international relations, a new set of considerations must be taken into account. In international affairs individuals no doubt act and suffer. Men risk, and sometimes lose, their lives, their liberties, and the whole or part of their fortune in wars and civil commotions, but the motives which induce them to inflict or suffer loss are not individual. It is by no means the same thing whether a man is plundered and wounded by burglars or by the soldiers of an absolute king who is trying to sustain his authority. The sack of Perugia shocked the sensibilities of a great part of Europe, but if the Pope had privately poisoned one of his friends or servants from any purely personal motive, even the blindest religious zeal would have denounced him as a criminal unfit to live. A man must be a very bitter Liberal indeed who really maintains that the violation by a sovereign of his promissory oath of office stands precisely on the same footing as deliberate perjury in an ordinary court of justice. The common sense of the world recognises a deep

though ill-defined difference between these two classes of acts, and the sentiment may be justified on the ground that public and private morality are, and will probably long continue to be, in a totally different condition.

Private morality has been reduced to system in every human society; and though there is a considerable degree of difference between the morality of different ages and nations, there is a sufficient degree of resemblance between them to enable people living in different ages of the world, and in countries very remote from each other, to pass a decisive and, on the whole, not an unjust judgment on each other's conduct. Public morality, on the other hand, has not yet passed beyond the stage of sentiment. When we hear that diplomatists habitually say one thing and mean another, that absolute kings massacre their subjects, that mobs plunder, burn, and destroy, that men who have no concern at all in the affairs of particular nations let themselves out from mere cupidity as mercenary soldiers to enforce the commands of rulers to whom they owe no sort of allegiance, we receive the same sort of shock and feel the same kind of disapproving sentiment as is excited by the news of an ordinary falsehood, murder, or robbery in private life. The difference between the two cases is, that with regard to private wrongs we do not stop at mere sentiment. We say of a lie, for example, that it is perjury, a malignant slander, a simple untruth, little more than a joke, a mere exaggeration, or a conventional phrase, as the case may be; and for certain purposes—especially for legal purposes—we classify particular acts with extraordinary minuteness. For example, a purse containing a 10*l.* note is stolen. If it was dropped on the floor of a railway carriage, the offence is simple larceny. If it was in a man's pocket, it was stealing from the person. If in his house, it was stealing above the value of 5*l.* in a dwelling-house. If the thief opened the house door to get in, it was house-breaking; if he did so after nine o'clock at night and before six in the morning, it was burglary. In public morality there is nothing in the least degree approaching to this. No one for the last two centuries has framed anything like a theory of the rights and duties of sovereigns and subjects, or of the relations of nations to each other, sufficiently accurate to furnish anything approaching to an accurate classification of the different acts which they may perform towards each other. One or two phrases exist which indicate by their extreme vagueness the obscurity in which the subject is involved, whilst they point to the possibility of the attainment at some future time of greater clearness. "Revolution" and "*coup d'état*" are specimens. Most people would say that each is, under certain circumstances, justifiable, and that, when justifiable, each would justify a certain degree of violence, either to person, to property, or to previous engagements; but what are these circumstances, and what is the degree of violence which might justify and be justified? By answering these questions in a tolerably full and accurate manner, we should be able to turn into a system of morality what at present is a mere sentiment. In the meantime, we must confine ourselves to expressing our sentiments in the words which appear to embody them most nearly, and to call people of whose acts we disapprove murderers, liars, and robbers, not because we really and fully mean what we say, but because no other words so nearly express our meaning.

#### THE FRENCH BAR.

NO one can feel surprise at learning that the conflict between the Crown officers and the French Bar, which formed an interesting episode in the trial of M. Vacherot, has not yet been forgotten in Paris. A pamphlet that has recently appeared upon the subject, prefaced by the letter from M. Berryer to which we lately adverted, is a proof that French advocates have not forgotten the slight then put upon their order. Under the Second Empire, indeed, the Crown officers seem gradually to be reassuming the position they occupied under the First. A celebrated French writer of those days once complained that instead of being the organs of the tribunals and the courts, the Crown officers acted as if they were detached videttes, posted in the front by their chief to observe the movements of the enemy, Justice. Something of the same kind may be said to be the case now. The French Bar, from their position and interests, are the natural foes of Napoleon III., and the Crown officers are naturally his devoted subjects. If no other causes existed to drive the Order of French advocates into the ranks of the Opposition, the recollection of the indignities put upon them by the First Napoleon would be sufficient to render them suspicious of all despotisms. Two years after the outbreak of the French Revolution they had ceased to be the organized body that they had been for more than four centuries. Napoleon was in no hurry to restore to them their prerogatives. He had found among their number several determined and troublesome opponents, he regarded them as a factious and disaffected society, and resolved to give them as little liberty as possible. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the office of Batonnier, or President of the Order, had been created, the election had been entrusted to the general Assembly of Advocates. When the Order was formally reconstituted in December, 1810, the nomination of the Batonnier and the Council of Discipline was transferred to the hands of the Procureur-Général. Without his permission the assemblies of the Order no longer were allowed

to meet; and the proceedings in any case were confined within the limits of the merest routine. As a last check upon liberty of discussion, the Minister of Justice was armed with those disciplinary powers which, under the old charter of the French Bar, had only been given to the legal tribunals and the Council of the Order. The old French Empire was a gloomy period of history in the annals of the French Bar. It was an epoch of military glory, and accordingly of internal coercion. Still, there were not wanting men of courage and capacity to uphold the reputation which the Order had acquired in old days for its unflinching devotion to the cause of the weak, and its utter disregard of the threats or the blandishments of unjust power. Bold scenes occasionally took place before the Imperial tribunals, in which French lawyers played a part not unworthy of men who had inherited their traditions from an Omer Talon and a D'Aguesseau. Such was the scene in which the counsel of General Moreau bravely rebuked the Crown officers who interrupted him during his speech for the defence. "Monsieur le Procureur-Général," cried the orator, "ni vous ni moi n'étions rien que déjà le Général Moreau avait vaincu l'Archiduc en Hollande, passé le Rhin et le Danube en présence d'un ennemi formidable, et gagné les batailles de Memmingen, de Biberach, et Hohenlinden!" Men who never hesitated to range themselves on the side of the oppressed were not likely to render themselves popular in the eyes of the Great Emperor, whose irritability and impatience were always aroused by the slightest opposition to his plans. To the Bourbons the French Bar owes the restoration of most of its historical privileges. In 1822 the Imperial edict of 1810 was repealed, and the election of the Batonnier of the Order restored to the Council of Discipline. Thenceforward that body was to be composed of the ex-batonniers and the senior members of the seven columns or sections of advocates, which took the place of the original ten columns into which the Order was divided in 1344. Still, the Council of Discipline remained a non-elective body. This last grievance it was reserved for the Government of Louis Philippe to redress immediately on his accession. During the Orleanist régime, the Bar enjoyed, to all intents and purposes, its ancient honours and liberties. If any change had taken place it was to be ascribed to the altered position of the Crown officers, not to any diminution of the political rights of the Bar.

At the earlier period of French history, the *avocats généraux* had been proud to consider themselves at the head of the profession from whose ranks they were drawn, and in whose traditions they had been trained. They formed an invaluable link between it and the Bench. They professed themselves the servants of the monarchy, but not its slaves. When Francis I. determined to dismiss an inconveniently stubborn Advocate-General, and, in pursuance of his resolve, offered the post to a simple member of the Bar, the proffered distinction was declined. "He is my Counsel," said the King, "and all my subjects can choose the Counsel that they please. Am I, their monarch, to be worse off than they?" "Sire," replied the disinterested lawyer, "he is the Counsel of the Crown, subject not to your passions, but to his duty." French history is full of similar instances of the independence of the Crown officers, and of their intimate friendships with the Order from which they sprang. Cardinal Mazarin had no sooner banished Omer Talon than the French Bar took the side of the Crown officer against the Crown; and the Cardinal was unwillingly compelled to recall him. If, on the other hand, judicial power showed an inclination to interfere with the prerogatives of the Bar of France, the Bar were not slow to assert their rights against the magistracy itself. Christophe de Thou, President of the Parliament of Paris, had offended the entire society in the person of their colleague, Dumoulin. A deputation presented themselves before him, whose speaker addressed the President in the following significant language:—"Objurgasti hominem doctorem te, et doctorem quam unquam eris." To the credit of Christophe de Thou, himself an old advocate, it is related that he accepted the rebuke patiently, was proud of the courage and sincerity of his old Order, and made all the reparation to their injured member that was possible.

The beginning of this century witnessed a great change in the relations of the *avocats généraux* and the Bar. The *avocats généraux* till then had been distinct from and independent of the Procureur-Général and his deputies. Nominally his inferiors, they were in reality bound neither to defer to his opinion nor to follow his advice. Thenceforward, though they still retained their ancient name, they became his subordinates, and responsible to him for their acts. They ceased to be counsellors of the Crown, and they became deputy ministers of justice. The object of the Government was no doubt to consolidate as much as possible the various judicial functions of its law officers, and to bring them all under its control. From that time down to the present day, we find continual petty conflicts between *procureurs* and *avocats généraux* on the one hand, in their capacity of public accusers, and the Bar in their capacity of defenders of the accused, on the other. The case of M. Ollivier is, however, the first in which it has been formally decided by French tribunals that the latitude of speech which is to be allowed to the prosecution is not to be allowed to the defence. M. Ollivier had accused the Crown officer of appealing to the passions and the prejudices of his judges. This was held to be a grave violation of decency, and M. Ollivier, who refused to retract his words, was punished, according to the power given in such cases by the Code Napoléon to the Court, by temporary suspension. M. Chaix

d'Est Ange, Procureur-Général, whose language on the occasion has been the subject of much criticism, curiously enough is himself an *ancien batonnier*. It so happens that in the days in which, there being no Empire, it would have been imprudent to be an Imperialist, he was distinguished for his boldness of speech and his unsparing sarcasms. On one occasion, he actually interfered in Court in the middle of a controversy similar to M. Ollivier's, to repudiate the doctrine that the rights of the defence were less sacred than the rights of the prosecution. This unfortunate passage in his rhetorical career M. Chaix d'Est Ange had probably forgotten when he pronounced so strongly against M. Ollivier. And so much has happened since, that he may perhaps be excused for not remembering that he was once a French advocate and a courageous speaker. But the late sentence pronounced by the disciplinary tribunal, and the language of the decree with which it was accompanied, could not fail to arouse the attention of the Council of the Order of Advocates. Some of its most eminent members set themselves to examine the decision from a legal as well as from a moral point of view, and drew up a protest, which was signed in due form by M. Plocque, the President, and other famous names. The question briefly is this—What are the limits imposed by law and reason upon the counsel for the defence? In the presence of the judge, who is the impartial arbitrator between both, has the Crown officer a right to unlimited liberty of speech, which is not to be conceded to his antagonist?

The Council of the Order maintain that accuser and defender stand both on a level, and have equal privileges and responsibilities. Two principles were officially laid down in the judgment of the Paris tribunal, to which they emphatically demur. The first is, that the right of defence does not entail with it the right of attack. Admitting that the person and the motives of the Crown officer should be considered unassailable, they assert that free criticism of his speech and his tone is part of the indispensable privilege, if not the duty of the defence. Secondly, the language of the Court attributes to the "Ministère Public" a peculiar sanctity, because "it is by law entrusted with the task of speaking in the name of society." "What!" reply the Council, "Is not the advocate, as well as the Crown officer, charged by the law with the mission of speaking in the name of society?" "La Cour de Paris est partie d'un principe faux quand elle a accordé au ministère public un droit qu'elle refuse à l'avocat; quand elle a prescrit à ce dernier des devoirs dont elle affranchit le premier. En revendiquant pour lui la liberté de l'attaque et de la défense, l'avocat revendique à la fois un droit et un devoir. Il mérite donc d'être écouté."

The pamphlet to which M. Berryer has lent his name contains an interesting list of the occasions, during the last fifty years, on which the advocates of the French bar have in open court asserted an authority to canvass freely the observations of the Crown officers. The contrast is an instructive one. And it is right that notice should be drawn to the way in which, under the present French régime, even justice becomes polluted. Strange as it may seem, there are many thinking people at the present day who require to be continually reminded that a despotism brings with it of necessity a flood of moral evils which ought to be enough to condemn to all eternity the strongest government in the world. In raising their voice against Napoleonism, the French Opposition are not so much speaking to France of the present day, which is either helpless or depraved—they are speaking to their children, to posterity, to the future; and also to the brotherhood of philosophical thinkers throughout the world, who form their political theories at a distance from stirring events, and who, in consequence, are in danger of becoming doctrinaires. But even from the point of view of the party politics of the day, the French Opposition are wise in standing firmly as long as they can by that freedom of discussion which, mutilated elsewhere, still is left in some shape or other to French advocates in the presence of the representatives of law. With all its power to make and unmake laws as it pleases, the Imperial Government, owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances, cannot make all its acts legal, far less constitutional. The principles of 1789, to which the present constitution professes to conform itself, are at flagrant variance with many of the measures passed under the present régime. The rights of property are daily violated in the violent suspensions and suppressions of incautious journals. The right of free petition is trampled by the constitution and character of the French senate. The rights of the person are curtailed by such decrees as the "Law of Public Safety," and by the whole state of the French code upon the subject of the detention of the accused. The rights of equality are set at naught by the internal arrangements in virtue of which all Frenchmen, and all French justice, may be said to be at the mercy of a bureaucratic host of prefects, of sous-prefects, and of Crown officials. Those who are this day the natural defenders of French law are thus the natural defenders of French liberties as well. "Que serait ce s'il nous advenait de ces jours de justice imparfaite, semblable à la justice de Pilate; justice qui fait semblant d'être rigoureuse à cause qu'elle résiste aux tentations médiocres, et peut être aux clameurs d'un peuple irrité, mais qui tombe et disparaît tout à coup lorsqu'on allègue, sans order même et mal à propos, le nom de César." With this happy quotation from the greatest of French orators, M. Berryer commits to his younger colleagues the defence of freedom and of law.



One consolation remains to those who are inclined to take a desponding view of the internal condition of France. The Empire indeed shows no symptoms of an approaching dissolution. But it is part of the destiny of all despotisms that they should be inherently unstable. Their constitution reposes on no charter which, strengthened by the growth of centuries, has become an essential part of the life of the nation; the only charter on which it is founded is some hasty bond, signed perhaps and sealed in blood in a brief moment of popular insanity. Napoleonism, much as it no doubt represents in France, represents above all a selfish advantage, scrambled for in an hour of universal panic, and wrung from the excitement of a delirious and distracted democracy. Seemingly secured from overthrow by the support of an arrogant army, a venal bureaucracy, and a blind peasantry, it still is exposed to the danger of all the chapter of accidents that belongs to the hidden book of the future. A breath may unmake as a breath has made it. One of those reverses that the God of battles reserves sometimes for the greatest armies may shake a throne which rests mainly on military prestige. A higher bidder may undermine the allegiance of those prudent partisans who, like the deities of Cato's time, are only to be found upon the winning side. A popular *émeute* may result, as popular *émeutes* sometimes do, in the confusion of a powerful Executive. What proves the instability of a *régime* like the *régime* of the present Empire, is the severity of the coercive measures it is compelled to adopt. When advocates are requested to bate their breath, lest they should be overheard by the public out of doors, and when discussion is prohibited in the press, lest the loyalty of its subscribers should be disturbed, things are in a strange condition. When the traveller in the Alps is forbidden to open his mouth, he knows that an avalanche is near. These precautions, say the tools of Imperialism, are necessary, because France is not in a normal state. It is true that France is not in a normal state, but what is abnormal about her state is that she is ridden by a military despotism. That such a state is abnormal is proved by the extravagant measures which are necessary for its maintenance.

#### Ο ΒΡΕΤΤΑΝΝΙΚΟΣ ΑΣΤΗΡ.

A GREEK newspaper—indeed a modern Greek production of any kind—always raises a curious mixture of feelings. It is hard to get over the sense of incongruity at seeing the most recent—sometimes even the most frivolous—subjects of the day treated in a language essentially the same as that of Thucydides and Aristotle. We have on several occasions reviewed modern Greek books, and have given our general notions as to the modern Greek language and literature. Without wholly fraternizing with those ultra-scholars who seem to have a positive dislike to the tongue and all that it produces, we have more than once regretted the exact form which the modern language has taken. Historically, we should have liked to see the popular tongue retained, developed, and improved as a distinct language, rather than an attempt to return to ancient Greek which can never be perfectly successful. We hold this opinion on exactly the same ground that we should think it foolish to revive Anglo-Saxon in England or Latin in Italy. Of course there is no analogy between the position of Italian or English, as they now stand, and that of modern Greek. The real analogy is to be found some centuries back. Had the contemporaries of Dante revived Latin instead of developing Italian, or had the contemporaries of Chaucer deliberately gone back to the language of Beowulf, they would have done exactly what the modern Greeks have done. We know no reason why popular Greek—the Greek of the Klefite songs—might not have been developed in good hands just as much as English and Italian have been. However, the other course has been taken, and we have nothing to do but to follow the bidding of the highest of authorities in “adhering to accomplished facts.” Modern Greek has determined to be classical; and of course the determination has carried with it one great practical advantage. An educated foreigner can now read a Greek book or paper with very little trouble; while Klefite Greek no one would have understood by the light of nature, and few would have taken the trouble to learn as a distinct language. Only, as modern Greek has determined to be classical, the more classical it is the better. The more *θα* and *δὲ*, and *καί* and *μή* can be got rid of, the better the Greek. Perfectly in their place in such a modern Greek language as we should have preferred, they are altogether out of their place in such a language as modern Greek has chosen to be.

But, from recapitulating what we said long ago, when reviewing in *Trikoupes* History, the greatest result of the modern Greek language, we must turn to the specimen of the same tongue now before us. ‘Ο Βρετταννικός Ἀστήρ is no other than a Greek illustrated newspaper, published weekly in London, and a great curiosity it is. It is very well got up, and most lavishly illustrated. The woodcuts seem to be chosen on quite different principles from those of our own *Illustrated London News*. Representations of current events are indeed not excluded, but they form quite a minority. Landscapes, buildings, groups of men, are far more abundant. Some are chosen to illustrate what is going on just now, as various Italian and Chinese groups and scenes, also views of the Falls of Niagara, doubtless in honour of the Prince of Wales. But a large part both of the engravings and the letterpress seems to be inserted with purely didactic views, a great deal being evidently intended to initiate Greek

readers into the manners and customs of Western Europe. Thus we have a whole set of views of Rome, and a series of groups of modern Romans; views from Copenhagen, with a group of Jütlanders; Mount Ætna, various Sicilian ruins, and, to come nearer home, a panoramic view of Oxford, a view of the Fleet Prison, and a series of the Fleet Prison, including one very touching cut of *ἡ εἰρκὴ τῶν πτωχῶν ἀφαιλετὼν καὶ ἐλεῶν κυρία ἐπισκεπτομένη αὐτὴν*. Then we have a scene in a ball-room, lettered ΒΑΡΣΟΒΙΕΝ, a word which at first seemed enigmatic, but which, if the *β* receives its proper Romaic sound, exactly gives the name of a Slavonic dance. Also there are hunting-scenes in England and elsewhere; one page has a magnificent elk, while another descends to *ἡ θήρα τοῦ ἀλώπεκος*, and others to that *τῶν ἐνυδρίων*, and even *τοῦ τρώχου*. This last, we confess, but for the picture, might have puzzled us; but it is perfectly good Greek for a badger. Then we have scenes from the Crimean war, and a great many more, “too numerous to mention,” as the handbills say. Certainly all this, with explanatory letterpress, with all the news of the week, leading articles, a little correspondence, and a sort of philological praxis in a piece of Plutarch in the original, side by side with a modern Greek and an English translation, make a very fair and very varied budget for our Βρετταννικός Ἀστήρ.

Some of the letter-press is highly amusing, consisting of good advice as to dress and manners, designed, we suppose, for the benefit of Greek visitors or residents who wish to behave well in English society. We are glad to find our *British Star* fully convinced that cleanliness is next to godliness. Under the head of Ἀγγλικὴ Ἐθιμογραφία we find the two heads of *ἱματισμὸς ἀνδρῶν* and *ἱματισμὸς γυναικῶν*. The latter is to a great extent beyond us, though we certainly quite agree with the doctrine that—  
*αἱ ἱσθῆτες δὲν πρέπει ἵνα ᾧσι πολὺ βραχίαι ὥπως μὴ φαίνηται πολὺ μέρος τοῦ σκέλους· διότι τοῦτο εἶναι ἀκοσμον.*

The *ἱματισμὸς ἀνδρῶν* comes more home to us. The Greek aspirant is warned that English habits imperatively demand a clean shirt and a clean pocket-handkerchief:—

*περὶ δὲ τοῦ χιτῶνος πρέπει τις νὰ ἐνθυμῆται πάντοτε, ὅτι ἡ καθαριότης εἶναι ἡμῶν πλοῦτος. Καθαρὸς χιτὼν καὶ καθαρὸν ῥινόμακτρον εἶναι ἀπαραίτητα.*

But it is not enough to have a clean shirt and a clean handkerchief. There must be also clean teeth and clean nails—nay the man himself must be clean all over. It is pleasing—some would say refreshing—to find the British “tub” diligently preached up to the Hellenic mind:—

*Δὲν ἀρκεῖ δὲ τὸ νὰ πλύνῃ τις μόνον τὰ ἐκτεθμένα τοῦ σώματος του μέλη, ἀλλὰ χρεωστὲί νὰ λούῃ καὶ ἑκάστην ὅλον του τὸ σῶμα.*

The physical reasons and physical advantages, and still more the social benefits, of the tub are discussed at more length than one might have thought necessary. But we suppose our Hellenic monitor knows best. So it is with various social and moral precepts which follow; they are perfectly true, but a little obvious. The following precept shows the existence of a class of (as the old Scotch lady said of George IV.) “damned villains who kiss and tell.” All boasting is forbidden; it is

*ἀποστον, ἀφόρητον. Ἀλλὰ πρὸ πάντων ἄλλου ἡ καύχησις ἢ γιομνὴν ὑπὸ τινων πρὸς ἐξέβρισην τῆς τιμῆς τῶν γυναικῶν εἶναι ἡ ἀχαριστοτέρα καὶ ἡ ἀξιοκατακριτωτέρα.*

The subject is pursued at some length; the eye may not be winked, the shoulder shrugged, the head shaken, about anything of the kind. The moralist winds up thus:—

*Γνωρίζομεν ὅτι αἱ γυναῖκες ἔχουσιν ἐνίστα ἀδυναμίας, ἀλλ’ ὁ κενὸς μνος ἐπὶ τῷ θριάμβῳ αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ ταύτης ἀδυναμίας εἶναι ἐχρὶς κακοῦργος.*

We cannot help quoting a parallel passage from another land. Two English travellers in the Pyrenees refused to pay the whole of an exorbitant bill demanded by the landlady of a little mountain cabaret. The next day one of them was overtaken by the woman's husband on the road. The traveller professed his willingness to go before any sort of magistrate that same moment; but no, the bold Gaseon declined this sort of settlement, and went away, declaring, “*Vous avez triomphé sur la faiblesse d'une femme*”—another time, men, “*des hommes*,” would be found on the mountain. The words exactly translate our Greek friend's precept; but the *ἀδυναμία* and the “*faiblesse*” are of such different kinds that we hope we shall not earn the name of *ἀχρεῖοι* κακοῦργοι by telling the story.

Of course, to us all this sounds rather absurd. We suppose it is useful for those to whom it is addressed. And we feel, at all events, that we fare much better in Greek hands than we should do in French. We cannot fancy a Frenchman condescending to write an Ἀγγλικὴ Ἐθιμογραφία. We are sorry if any of our Greek friends need such very elementary moral and social instruction; still the course of training, at all events, points to a desire for improvement. We hope our instructor will meet everywhere with docile pupils, till every Hellenic body is daily tubbed, and every Hellenic pocket provided with a *καθαρὸν ῥινόμακτρον*.

But the Βρετταννικός Ἀστήρ contains matter of much graver import than this. It evidently seeks to be the organ of the Greek nation, as distinguished from the small part of it contained within the limits of the Greek Kingdom. It wishes to represent τὸ Πανελλήνιον, and not merely ἡ μικρὰ Ἑλλάς. It is among the greatest misfortunes of Greece, that what we may call Greece itself is divided among so many masters, and that so much

of the energy and intelligence of the Greek nation is scattered over foreign lands. The success which has attended so many emigrant Greeks ought in no way to quench their local patriotism. It is for them, above all men, to help the mother country in many ways of which her own unassisted resources are hardly capable. A wealthy Greek of London or Manchester could not do a better thing than take up the part of King Archelaus of Macedonia, and help to "cut straight roads" in his native land. The *πατριώτης* should always remember that ἡ μικρὰ Ἑλλάς is, after all, the mother and the centre of their race. Still it is evident that a Greek placed in one of the great cities of Europe, and removed from the local and temporary disputes of the Greek Kingdom, must be able to take a much calmer and more comprehensive view, both of Greek and of general politics, than is likely to be attained by his brother at Athens. In our *British Star* we pass by several political articles, of little interest to any but Greeks, to call attention to a very remarkable paper in the number for November 8th. The death of so famous a Philhellene as Lord Dundonald is appropriately seized upon to review, not only Lord Dundonald's personal career, but the general relations between Greece and the Western Powers of Europe. The writer naturally laments the change in Western feeling towards his country, the ardent philhellenism of thirty years back, and the almost misphellenism of some time past. A Greek writing in England may doubtless say many things which it would hardly do to say at Athens; on the other hand, he may be supposed to write with a direct eye to catching English sympathy, which we should not look for in an Athenian writer. We must, of course, make the requisite allowance in either case. Our present writer almost wholly acquits both England and the Hellenic people, and lays nearly the whole blame upon the Bavarian Government at Athens. He shows at length, by the history both of the War of Independence and of earlier unsuccessful struggles, how much Greece has owed to England, and how little to Russia; and he goes on to assert, what we hope is true, that general Greek feeling is far more English than Russian. The aspect of Greece during the Russian war, even if we attribute it to the people at large, and not merely to the Government, certainly does not disprove it. It was only human nature for Greece to welcome anybody who attacked Turkey, just as Italy welcomed even the common enemy of all freedom when he was ready for a while to aid her against Austria. France is to Italy exactly what Russia is to Greece. Our author remarks that, in the War of Independence, there were plenty of English and French Philhellenes, but no Russian. So, if we may trust figures given in one of the papers before us—given in no sort of connexion with the analogy we are drawing—very few Frenchmen indeed are numbered among Garibaldi's volunteers. For the facts contained in the article, of course, we cannot make ourselves responsible. It is always very hard to discover what Greek general feeling really is, but, at any rate, it is both remarkable and agreeable to see such a line taken at all, and especially to see it so ably argued.

We will end by noticing a very small matter. We wish our Greek friends would take to a more scholarlike way of expressing English names. Sometimes there is more analogy between an English and a Greek name than perhaps they have ever thought. Why such a horrible form as Νιούκαστρελ, when the English name exactly makes their own Νέκαστρον? As many Greek names end in *καστρον* as English names end in *-chester* and its congeners, why, then, talk about Ἐξετερ and Μάντζεστερ? There can be hardly any doubt that our Ἐξε (like Axe, Usk, Esk, and all the rest) is the same name as the Macedonian Axios; so that the capital of Devonshire might fairly assume the thoroughly Hellenic shape of Ἀξιδκάστρον. Above all, ὁ Πρίγκιψ τοῦ Οὐέλς does not please us at all. Οὐέλς suggests Wells rather than Wales; but, why not τῆς Καμβρίας? And we are half inclined to quarrel with πρίγκιψ. There is perfect classical authority for *ἀναξ*, Prince, as distinguished from βασιλεὺς, King. Isocrates (*Evagoras* 88) calls Evagoras himself and his son and successor, βασιλεὺς; his younger sons and daughters, ἀνακτες and ἀνασσαί. As modern Greek is to be classical, then, according to what we find even Dr. Mommsen cannot help calling *die Theorie der vollendeten Thatsachen*, the more classical the better, and certainly ὁ τῆς Καμβρίας ἀναξ sounds to us very much more classical than ὁ πρίγκιψ τοῦ Οὐέλς.

Altogether we have found a good deal of amusement and some instruction in our Βρεταννικὸς Ἀσκήρ. If its politics really represent those of the Hellenic nation in general, Greece ought no longer to have to repeat the complaint of the orator we have just quoted—

ὥστε καὶ τῶν ἀρχόντων τοῦτοντος ἐνόμιζον εἶναι βελτίστους, οἵτινες ὤμματα πρὸς τοὺς Ἕλληνας διακίμενοι τυγχάνουν. (*Evag.* 59.)

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE HOP-PLANTERS.

ADVERSITY has many uses to the wise man. Among others it teaches him politeness. If Mr. Beresford Hope and his associated hop-growers had gone to the Chancellor of the Exchequer eight months ago with their complaints of injustice, they would have received—judging from the tone in which all other complaints were met—a patronizing snub for their pains. But the revel of financial heroism is over, and penitence comes with the morning's nausea. Mr. Gladstone feels that there has been a considerable abatement in the popularity of the Budget;

and accordingly there is some abatement in that tone of grandiloquent insult—something between the utterances of the prophet and the school usher—with which objectors used to be summarily despatched. Instead of a snub, the memorialists have obtained a postponement. It is not, however, much in the way of a remission, and is a good deal more important for what it implies than for what it grants. They had only asked for delay as a measure of temporary and limited relief; but what they have got is not half of what they asked. It only amounts to a permission to defer payments now due till March, and payments due in March till August—good security and interest at five per cent. being exacted in each case. This is not very overwhelming generosity. But that the financial gambols of the French Government have for the moment disturbed the money market, planters blessed with "good security" could obtain the necessary money for themselves at quite as cheap a rate; and as Government can borrow at little more than three per cent., it not only loses nothing by graciously consenting to lend at five, but might even turn an honest penny by the transaction. The hop-growers do not exhibit any exuberant gratitude for the consideration that has just been shown to them. The Treasury decree announcing the postponement to Mr. Beresford Hope on behalf of the hop-growers, has been published by that gentleman in the *Times*; and from the letter with which he introduces it, it does not appear that either he or those whom he represents are inclined to sacrifice the substance of their agitation for free-trade in hops out of thankfulness for Mr. Gladstone's shadowy favour. In truth, the proffered boon does not amount to much more than a civil form of refusal, though since last spring we have come to look upon even a civil form of refusal as a considerable advance. But the concession has a meaning far beyond its material importance. It is a surrender of rigid theories pitilessly enforced, and an admission, at least, of great improvidence. The Budget of 1860 had this peculiarity above all other Budgets—that, as far as permanent sources of revenue were concerned, it held out the prospect of a gigantic deficit. The gaps on the creditor side of the account were filled up by a variety of shifty, but rather unscrupulous, devices. One leak was stopped by the help of the Spanish repayments; another, by the anticipation of the Income-tax; a third, by the anticipation of the malt and hop duties; a fourth, by the postponement of a batch of Mr. Gladstone's own Exchequer bonds. By the help of calculations thus doctored, the account was made to balance, and Parliament was induced to assent to a financial revolution. It now turns out that one, at least, of these makeshift items was imaginary, and that all computations based on it were delusive. Mr. Gladstone now admits that the duty on the hops of 1860 cannot be anticipated. It cannot be paid till August next, and therefore cannot come into the revenues of the financial year which ends with next March. In the Treasury letter to Mr. Hope, in which the signature is the signature of Hamilton, but the circumlocutions are the circumlocutions of Gladstone, the reasons given for the postponement which nullifies the calculations of last February are two—the bad year and the new tariff. The possible existence of these two disturbing elements seems to have been as completely hidden from Mr. Gladstone's foresight as the possibility of the Chinese war increasing his expenditure. Yet the new tariff was a contingency which Mr. Gladstone, at all events, could not have forgotten; and a bad year is at least as common in the hop countries as a good one. He could hardly conceal from himself that the failure of his calculations was quite as likely as their success. It is difficult to believe that, if he had stopped in the full career of his arithmetical rhapsody to reflect for a moment, he would not have seen how utterly problematical this and many other of the promises were by which he induced the House of Commons to take so desperate a plunge. The reckless construction of a Budget upon a balance-sheet cooked up with speculative assets is only one among many unfortunate results of that combination of a poetic temperament with a memory for figures which makes Mr. Gladstone at once the most charming and the most dangerous of financiers.

A Ministerial contemporary, whose pleasing function it is to defend the cases which the *Times* gives up as hopeless, has blamed us severely for illustrating this poetic character of Mr. Gladstone's finance by a reference to the Budget of this year. We have been guilty of great "hardihood of assertion" in attributing the proposal to drag down the customs and excise duty to a common level of 14s. to an æsthetic love on his part of symmetry in his figures, which sets at nought the gigantic difference between the oppressiveness of the two duties. "Look at the Statute-book," says our contemporary, "and you will find 15s. fixed as the permanent customs duty, while 14s. is the permanent excise." It is perfectly true that the returning sanity of the House of Commons forced Mr. Gladstone to diminish the bounty which he was at first anxious to give to the foreign planter. But it is not the less true that his first proposal, which he was happily prevented from carrying out in all its atrocity, was that the two duties should both stand at 14s. Surely a case is rather desperate when advocates are instructed to talk unctuously about "hardihood of assertion," because people measure Mr. Gladstone's intentions by what he tried to do rather than by what he was allowed to do. But in truth this extra shilling, though doubtless all that could be wrung out of Mr. Gladstone, is a relief so slight that it only mocks at the hop-grower's grievance. It may possibly countervail, as a similar *surtaxe* does in the case of spirits and paper, the restraint which the regulations of the Excise place on



the producer's ingenuity in improving his processes. But this is very far the smallest part of the hop-grower's sufferings. Fluctuation of market—the result of the uncertainty of his crop—is naturally the chief burden of his trade, and this burden is enormously aggravated by the Excise. As long as the Custom-house does not lay at least an equivalent burden on imported hops, so long the excise duty acts as a bounty to the foreigner. The hop-grower cannot, like the paper-maker or the distiller, proportion his production exactly to the demand. When he plants his hops he is launching into an unknown sea of speculation. Until he sees the hop-harvest he cannot tell what supply it will be in his power to offer; until he sees the barley-harvest, he cannot tell what demand he will have to satisfy. Of course the natural cure for this natural difficulty is, that if he finds the market glutted with hops he may keep back his hops till the glut is cleared away. If, when his hops are picked, hops are too cheap to pay him, he will store them till they fetch a better price. But this is precisely what the Excise duty practically forbids him to do under a heavy penalty. Whatever the market may be, he must pay the duty; and if he has not the money by him, and has not the command of "good security," he must sell his hops for anything he can get in order to raise it. Of course, this necessity aggravates his difficulties. The hop-merchant knows when the grower has to pay as well as an Irish member knows when a critical division is at hand, and he regulates his terms accordingly. If the grower could bond his hops, like the foreigner, he might defy the merchant; but, being obliged to pay by a fixed day, he is at the merchant's mercy. Accordingly, as the fatal day approaches, the prices offered to the poorer cultivators go constantly lower. Sometimes they are depressed a quarter or a third below their natural price; and the general result is, that hop-merchants grow rich while hop-growers are ruined. From all this net-work of embarrassment, gambling, artificial markets, forced sales, ruinous loans, the foreigner, who can bond his hops, and wait for ten years if he likes, is absolutely free. Does our contemporary or Mr. Gladstone imagine that a *surtaxe* of a shilling on a duty of 14s., even with the sop of five shillings extra for one year, will counterveil a difference of burden such as this? If they do, we recommend them to study the opinions expressed upon the subject by the local organs of every shade of politics. As Mr. Hope truly says, "since this is an opinion which will not find a dozen backers through all the hop districts, it is hardly worth serious discussion."

There is no outlet from this system of intricate injustice but the simple application of free-trade to hops. Protection might compensate the hop-grower; but protection is simply impossible. Inland bonding might place him on an equality with the foreigner; but inland bonding would require a separate Excise warehouse at every separate farm. New scales of taxation, such as have been recently recommended, by acres instead of by weight, would be literally ruinous to the poorer soils. The duty is so vicious, so unequal, so exceptional in its character, that no patching can make it fair. If it were a very large item of revenue, practical necessity might enforce submission. But it is a miserable crumb of oppression for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to haggle over. If the complaint came from Manchester, it would be listened to in a moment. Mr. Gladstone perhaps imagines that he is only dealing with a feeble and limited interest. We trust that, if not a sense of justice, at least a sense of the policy of helping when your neighbour's house is on fire, will cause him to discover that he is mistaken in his estimate of their isolation.

#### THE NEW BISHOP.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Record*—it is a pity that his name should be confined to the circle of the "Truly Pious," so we mention it—the Rev. G. B. Lee Warner, Vicar of St. Mary, Bredin, in the City of Canterbury—has invited what he calls "God's people" "to be instant in prayer," inasmuch as "a door is providentially opened for the exercise of that precious privilege." The providential opening of the door is the closing of the grave on Dr. Pepsys, Bishop of Worcester; and "prayer is the appointed engine that moves the hand of the Lord." "The King's heart" being, according to Scripture, in the hand of the Lord, the conclusion is, that "all who belong to Christ in the Church of England are to go up at once to the Throne of Grace as the voice of one man, that the heart of the Queen's Prime Minister may be led to appoint to the high and holy office now vacant in the See of Worcester," "an able minister of the New Testament," &c. &c. We do not, having some reverence for prayer, trust ourselves to translate Mr. G. B. Lee Warner's party cant and party rant into any other language than his own. Nor shall we criticise it, further than to enter a mild protest against the "exegetical" fitness of applying the text to Lord Palmerston's heart, and to suggest that there are many to whom the notion of our jolly Pelagian ruler thinking himself under the influence of Divine Grace in making a new Bishop can only present itself as a highly comic fancy. But when "God's people" take to prayers of this sort, it is high time for those who do not claim this Pharisaic title to bethink themselves, just as seriously as those who exclusively "belong to Christ," of the future of the Church of England as influenced by its Episcopate.

Somebody said—of course he was a profane scoffer—that, though the decisions of Councils were of course those of Heaven,

yet they were also the opinions of the odd man; and there is a living historian who is said to have written with the view of confirming the moral lesson that Providence was always on the side of the Tories. "Every Christian man in the Church"—again to recur to Mr. Lee Warner's blasphemous nonsense—is to make the appointment of the new Bishop "a subject of fervent, faithful, expectant prayer;" and "the Lord, who is a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God, will assuredly give us his blessing as—thanks be to His name—He has so often done before;" which means, if it has any meaning, that Lord Palmerston, under divine inspiration, will give us Bishops of the type to which we have lately been accustomed. That type is soon described. All the recent Bishops have been honourable and reverend gentlemen, cadets of the noble Whig families, with plenty of blood and very little Greek. Hon. and Rev. Villiers—Hon. and Rev. Pelham—Hon. and Rev. Baring—Hon. and Rev. Waldegrave—and even Dr. Bickersteth, a law lord's nephew. If these gentlemen are the result of the inspiration of Heaven, we must say that here is an accumulative proof that Whig principles and Whig families are, in another sense of the word, in the ascendant, and that Providence, like Lord Palmerston himself, has changed political principles. It really does become a serious matter to get this view of Providence; for, if it be true, we can only say that Almighty God looks with more favour than we can do on ignorance and worldly politics. Not only is His kingdom of this world, but of a world of narrow-mindedness, mental incapacity, and mere social rank. The Bishops appointed by Lord Palmerston have absolutely no qualifications for the office except the slenderest literary attainments, family and political influence, and the profession of the narrowest and most debasing form of religion. Let anybody read—if he can—Bishop Waldegrave's Bampton Lectures, and he will see perhaps the most melancholy instance of the debasement of the mind which has yet discredited the religious press. Let him peruse the questions privately addressed by Bishop Villiers to candidates for orders, and he will find an attempt at deliberate and exclusive partisanship, and an attack on the freedom of thought in the Church of England, quite equal to the worst excesses of the Roman Index.

Now whether we belong to God's people or not, we have an interest in the Church of England quite as keen and lively as that of the faithful who have received the invitation to be earnest in prayer. We have our own opinion of Evangelical bishops and parsons generally. We consider their views narrow, their knowledge of what constitutes true religion confined and debased. The men are sectarian, bigoted, and persecuting in spirit; and their homilies and teaching are, generally speaking, an affront to those intellectual powers which, with every good and perfect gift, we believe to come down from the Father of Light. But it is on other grounds than those of religious interest that we protest against any more bishops of the Villiers and Waldegrave stamp. Lord Palmerston is too much immersed in politics to undertake the duty of understanding the religious characteristics of the day. To save himself trouble he delivers himself and the ecclesiastical department of the State into the hands of bigoted and narrow-minded religious partisans. He may not know it, but his noble friend and kinsman does not represent the Church of England. The Church of England is a national Church, and the religion of Lord Shaftesbury is not the religion of England. In the Church of England are mixed up and embodied all sorts of social considerations; in the character and attainments of the clergy of the Church of England are involved all sorts of interests which are infinitely larger and superior to those of a sectarian school. What the bishops are, the clergy have the strongest inducements to become. The clergy again influence much of the thought, the freedom, the domestic peace, and the inner life of English society. It will be a bad day for England, and a worse day for the Church of England, when all the intellect and intelligence of the country are permanently divorced from the Church. The result will be the same here as it is in France. It matters not two straws that in the one case it is Ultramontanism, in the other it is Evangelicalism, which is permitted to rule. Both are equal treasons to the freedom of thought—both are equal affronts to human intelligence and intellectual freedom. As tyrannies and bigotries, Evangelicalism and Ultramontanism are identical. There is nothing more remarkable than the fact that so few men of mental power take orders in the Roman Catholic Church; the days of Bossuet and Bellarmine are at an end. And the very same process is overtaking the Church of England. No man of self-respect, or of prospects and attainments higher than the pastors of Little Bethel, will undertake a ministry which is represented in its highest authorities by Drs. Villiers and Waldegrave. This we should hold to be a social misfortune of the gravest kind. We do not choose to divorce ourselves from the religion of our country. The Church of England and its clergy have done service too long and too good to all that is noble among us, have rendered too faithful and consistent an allegiance to thought and order and common sense, and to all social duties, for us to witness its certain degradation and humiliation without indignation and sorrow. The wretched Orange faction in Canada and Ireland, and the subversion of authority in St. George's-in-the-East, have taught us what popular religion, and that religion which claims to be exclusively Evangelical, really is. Lord Palmerston has already wrecked a Government by appointments dictated by the narrow interests of family and party. What has happened once

may happen again; and even firm adherents of the present Administration can assure the Premier that there are many who look very anxiously to the future Bishop of Worcester, even though they do not advertise the fact that they bring their anxieties to the Throne of Grace.

#### RIFLE RANGES AT GENEVA.

THE gentlemen who supply what is called literary gossip to the provincial journals may, if they please, found a paragraph on the fact that a well-known firm of manufacturers of guns and swords have become publishers. But it would be a mistake to augur from this circumstance that the British lion has any present intention of taking his repose beside the lamb, or that Messrs. Wilkinson—who have just brought out a pamphlet entitled *Rifle Ranges at Geneva*—are at all likely to find pruning-hooks a more profitable article than regulation swords. On the contrary, the publication of a pamphlet at a repository of deadly weapons is one among many examples of the martial tone which pervades the current literature of England. The swords of Messrs. Wilkinson have been often proved in war, and now they have attempted to serve their country also with the pen. We believe that the pamphlet now before us is written by a gentleman of their establishment who may be supposed to be much more familiar with the other branches of their business than with that which they have just added to it of authorship; and it results from his freshness at his new trade that he is wholly free from the usual tricks—to us so painfully well known—of older hands, and that he has not written a single word that was not necessary to the subject of which he treats.

Mr. Latham was commissioned by Lord Vernon to visit the *Tir Cantonal* held last August at Geneva, and he has undertaken to describe what he saw there, under the belief, which we think well-founded, that he can supply suggestions which would be useful in the formation and management of rifle grounds in England. We have often insisted in these columns on the necessity of providing rifle grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of large towns, and we have at the same time felt that it was a difficult question how to do this generally without serious danger to the inhabitants. We find, however, that at Geneva considerable facilities are obtained for practice in the close vicinity of artisans and gardeners, who pursue their avocations without the smallest fear of the erratic bullets of nervous or careless riflemen. Mr. Latham goes so far as to declare that a rifle range of 300 yards might be provided in any one of the London parks, and even in Piccadilly, with perfect safety to all who dwell or pass at the end or sides of the shooting-ground. Some such plan as that which he recommends would probably suggest itself to every one who considered the subject for the first time. Very likely those who have thought longer may have discovered difficulties or drawbacks, and besides it may be said that a range of 300 yards is not sufficient. But it is very obvious that Manchester, for example, can never find a Southport Beach within three miles of it. In this, as in other things, it is idle to insist upon an unattainable standard of perfection. At the great centres of population, where it is easiest to raise Volunteers, it has also been found hitherto most difficult to train them; and it certainly appears to us that by imitating the Genevese method a rifle range of considerable utility might be provided wherever there is a body of riflemen to use it. Whether or not this be so may be judged from the following extracts which we make from Mr. Latham's pamphlet:—

The building, or "Stand," consists of one large hall, about sixty yards in length, with a line of moveable windows, occupying the whole of one side, and extending from the roof to the barrier or shelf on which the guns are placed after loading, to await their turn in the firing. Opposite the barrier are twenty-four targets, each one yard apart; but from the arrangement of the screens, or *paraboles*, only one target is visible from any point of the barrier.

On approaching the barrier, the stranger is puzzled at the sight of a solid stone wall, about ten yards in front of him, and against which the shot appears to be directed. It is only by taking a position exactly behind the person firing that he can perceive a small boarded opening, about a foot square, through which he sees another stone wall, some fifty yards beyond, with a similar opening, just large enough to admit a view of the target only.

The stone walls, or *paraboles*, are a most valuable safeguard against accident. They are about twenty feet high, and the depth is calculated from the trajectory, so as just to allow sufficient space for any ball fired at the right elevation for the target to pass under them. If the shot is fired at an elevation which would cause it to pass over the target, it is immediately stopped by the first or second screen. If the elevation is too low, it is stopped by a soft turf bank under each screen, which prevents all ricochet. The stone employed is of a very porous and friable kind, so as not to allow the ball to glance off, but having sufficient cohesion to completely arrest its progress even at ten yards from the muzzle.

This appears to us a very clear description, but, as a further aid to understanding him, the author states that he has made a small model of the Swiss targets and screens, which may be seen by those who take an interest in the subject. It should be observed that the boards above described are affixed to the stone walls in order to prevent the shooter from seeing any other target besides that at which he ought to aim. If it should be thought that the opening left between these boards is so narrow as to assist the aim, the boards may be entirely removed without affecting the essential parts of the arrangement, which are the stone walls and banks of turf. The author declares his own

conviction that these *paraboles* would be a valuable addition to our own practice grounds, and that in the neighbourhood of our large towns some such arrangement is absolutely necessary. He fully acknowledges the value of the system of instruction adopted at Hythe, as tending to teach the rifleman how to use his weapon before he uses it. Still it may be doubted whether the knowledge that all recruits have been drilled more or less effectually upon this system will ever persuade carpenters and watchmakers to pursue their work tranquilly in open shops looking upon an ordinary English shooting-ground, as they do habitually at Geneva. However high and just may be the confidence which those skilled in the Hythe method place in it, there will always remain the difficulty of imparting the same confidence to the unskilled, who will naturally claim the right of taking all such precautions as they may deem necessary for the safety of their own limbs and lives.

Besides this most important suggestion of the screens, Mr. Latham's pamphlet contains many interesting and valuable observations upon other points. Thus he remarks that—

in England we construct our targets of iron, and our butts generally of brick-work, both among the most expensive of the materials available. They are employed to stop the bullets, and they perform this office so effectually that it is unsafe to be within a dozen yards of the target from the spray and rebound of the lead. . . . The Swiss, on the contrary, adopt the principle of catching the bullet, or arresting its progress by a yielding and gradual resistance, instead of a sudden and violent stop. For their targets they employ wood, canvas, and paper; and for the butts wood and earth—all materials easily procured or transported from place to place, and which effect the same object with greater safety at a fraction of the cost.

In England, just at present, it seems to be the fashion to try to stop shot, both in play and earnest, with the hardest and most brittle materials that can be procured. Contractors all round the dockyards are doing large and profitable jobs in stone forts, and the notion is not without supporters that these forts ought to be partly faced with iron. We must confess that we have ourselves considerable faith in turf as a defence both from our friends and enemies; and besides, a butt of brickwork is one of the most hideous objects with which the art of man can deface a pleasing landscape. But in this country, from various causes, every sort of public work is usually done in the most costly way, and it is possible to find an opportunity for what the Americans call "log-rolling" even in the building of a brick wall. In Switzerland, where money is not so plentiful, they manage very tolerably with less of it, as we think Mr. Latham, by his clear and sensible remarks, has shown. All who wish to see "greater economy, safety, and expedition" introduced into the arrangements of English rifle-grounds ought certainly to read, and we believe they would profit by, this pamphlet.

#### THE THEATRES.

NEVER were so many theatres simultaneously open in London as at the present time. There is not a known playhouse of which the doors are now closed; and even if the investigator wanders into localities which belong to the *terra incognita* of general society, fresh playhouses, also open, will meet his eye. The Haymarket, the Adelphi, the Olympic, the Princess's, and the Strand are in full activity, as a matter of course—these are the permanent institutions of central London. In the same predicament are Sadler's Wells, Astley's, the Surrey, and the Victoria—these are the permanent institutions of the suburbs. Were any of the nine theatres just enumerated to remain closed through the month of November, a gap would be felt (by some class or other) in the list of London amusements. The Lyceum and the St. James's have hitherto enjoyed an uncertain existence, to be compared with that of Proserpine, when she passed half her life on cheerful earth, half in gloomy Hades. But the former remains open under Madame Celeste, the latter has been recently opened by Mr. Alfred Wigan, and neither of these managers are to be classed among the theatrical adventurers to whom the world has been indebted for so many short and uncertain seasons. Drury Lane, which has generally remained in obscurity till Christmas, when it has flashed out with all the brilliancy of its vast pantomime, is now regularly opened with a strong dramatic company, evidently formed with a serious view to attraction. A French theatrical troop is in London, and instead of finding itself homeless through the occupation of the St. James's, settles in the concert-room of Her Majesty's, which has been skilfully converted into a perfectly appointed theatre, called the "Bijou." Then it must not be forgotten that those two large houses, Her Majesty's and Covent Garden, are both open for English opera, and that there are still several remote suburban theatres, of merely local interest, which we have forborne to name.

The amount of productive activity has been commensurate with the quantity of theatres. All the managers have seemed determined to do something, and dramatic authors have responded to their call. Seldom have more dramas of pretension been brought out than during the last few weeks. Seldom, we are bound to add, amid so much productiveness, have we seen such small chances of permanent success. We have for some time been silent with respect to the non-lyrical theatres of London, though novelties have been springing up in every direction, precisely because we have felt that there is scarcely one work among them all which can become the feature of a season. Everything that has been done for some time past may be compressed within the limits of a brief review.



We may begin by pointing out a dreadful heresy which appears to have insinuated itself into the minds of our dramatic authors. A well-known proverb, which associates conciseness of expression with pungency of thought, is evidently considered trite and old-fashioned; and "Prolivity is the soul of wit" may be regarded as the maxim by which our writers for the stage regulate their labours. The Scudérys who wrote folio novels are a bygone class, but the appearance of a race of dramatic Scudérys seems by no means impossible. A good Christian is allowed to cultivate the Graces, heathen sluts though they be. Might we recommend to our dramatists a little wholesome worship of the Roman god Terminus? Plays, as well as lands, should have fixed boundaries. The *Babes in the Wood*, the new comedy with which Mr. Tom Taylor has furnished the Haymarket, is a case in point. This celebrated writer never set out with a clearer idea, never sketched the outline of his characters with a firmer hand, never wrote more pointedly, never more accurately fitted his company, than in the composition of this piece, the ostensible purpose of which is to exhibit an ideal woman, who, having brought herself into difficulties by a clandestine marriage, meets embarrassments of the most unromantic kind with brave resolution, and proves a veritable comfort to her less strong-minded husband. Had the struggles of the estimable lady been confined by the dictates of a good chronometer within the limits of two hours, this would have been one of Mr. Taylor's most successful plays; but the tendency to make as much as possible out of scant material has led him not only into needless protraction, but into the contrivance of incidents that in no way further the real purpose of his work. Since the first night, when the piece lasted till eleven o'clock, a general thinning of the *dramatis personæ* has taken place—one very cumbersome young lady, over whom no tears will be shed, having been visited with utter annihilation. Surely prevention would be better than cure in such dramatic maladies. It would be better not to put characters upon the stage at all, than to set them up provisionally to be knocked down like skittles. The Malthusian theory is at any rate superior to the Chinese system of infanticide.

Still greater is the sin of Mr. Watts Phillips, who made the Drury Lane audience sit for four mortal hours while he recounted the pretty little anecdote—for it is nothing more—of a spy in the '45, who, having adopted his hateful profession from motives of private revenge, endeavours, under the influence of other motives, to save his victim from the scaffold. Mr. Taylor's personages, at any rate, tell smartly, and his superabundant incidents, though they divert the attention from the main idea of the work, keep the stage in an amusing bustle. But Mr. Watts Phillips forces dreary talk upon personages dull by nature, writes up his "walking gentleman" into a giant of verbosity, and is half inclined to make the quantity of words uttered by his characters stand in an inverse ratio to the interest they excite. Two or three situations, heightened by the excellent acting of Mr. Webster and Mr. Toole—one the penitent spy, the other an irredeemable villain—are in themselves powerful enough to form the mainstay of a short piece; but as it is, they stand out as exceptions amid general insignificance, like an isolated cromlech in the midst of a broad plain. It should be observed, however, that the *Story of the '45*, as Mr. Phillips' play is called, does not depend wholly on its dramatic interest. Two of Hogarth's pictures are copied in living groups, and a creditable attempt is made to present the eye with a view of London and its environs as they were in the days of the Young Pretender.

Another new work by Mr. Tom Taylor is a comedy called *Up at the Hills*, with which Mr. Alfred Wigan inaugurated his management of the St. James's. Here the attempts of a lady to recover from a very bad man a bundle of letters compromising the reputation of a female friend are embodied in a series of strong situations, manifestly taken from *Les Pattes de Mouche*, one of the new French comedies with which M. Taléxy made London familiar last summer; and a *couleur locale* has been given to the action by the settlement of the *dramatis personæ* at an Indian station, *Up at the Hills*, and the exhibition of the peculiar dissipation of Anglo-Indian life. However, Mr. Taylor has been less than usually happy with those minor characters by which the local colouring is effected, and hence the interest of his work rests altogether on the situations from the *Pattes de Mouche*, in which the antagonistic personages are admirably played by Mr. and Mrs. Wigan. Here, again, a respect for brevity would have been beneficial. Ineffective accessories would have been omitted; and, as in *Still Waters Run Deep*, a plain, simple, interesting story would have told by its own force.

From these works, in which there is so much of needless dilution and attenuation, we turn, with something like a feeling of refreshment, to a drama played at the Lyceum, with the title, *Adrienne; or, the Secret of a Life*. Here the author—Mr. Leslie—has a story to tell which is capable of exciting curiosity at short intervals, and which is also susceptible of scenic illustration. He accordingly tells it at just such a length as is sufficient not to let the cat out of the bag too soon; and when the interest begins to flag a little, he is ably assisted by the scene-painter, Mr. Calcott. The story itself is by no means perfect, for the "secret" on which it is based, and which so much excites the curiosity of the audience, turns out, when revealed, to be unworthy of the trouble it has occasioned. But at any rate it is a small cause which has produced some capital "effects;" and as Mr. Carlyle

admires Dr. Johnson for praying in the age of Voltaire, so we may look with respect on a writer who gives us a picturesque duel, a military encampment, a death by poison, another by a fall down a precipice, and a false accusation within the space of two hours and a half, in an age when many authors take so long a time to tell so very little.

But the grand success of the day is achieved by the *Colleen Bawn*, which has now been played several weeks at the Adelphi, and still attracts numerous audiences. This piece is no more than a dramatized version of the *Collegians*—a novel which was put upon the stage years ago, when it was still fresh in the circulating libraries, and seemed to have been fairly worn out as far as theatrical purposes were concerned. However, Mr. Boucicault took the subject in hand with all the discernment of a man who thoroughly knows the stage; and bringing the tale to a happy issue, without diminishing the interest, contrived a series of effective scenes, in which a large company is well employed, and which, keeping the audience in an uninterrupted state of excitement, leaves it perfectly satisfied at the fall of the curtain. Among the "opinions of the press" which are used to season the advertisements, admiration of the particular scene in which Eily is thrown into the lake and rescued holds so conspicuous a place that the public might easily suppose the whole interest of the piece was concentrated in this one situation, and that, here as elsewhere, one transient flash rendered more manifest the general darkness. But the *Colleen Bawn* is good throughout—long indeed, because it contains much matter, but not on that account tedious—and well acted, not only by the artists of repute, but also by the more obscure performers, who have developed talents previously unknown. Nor is the appearance of Mr. Boucicault as an actor one of the least important circumstances connected with the production of the *Colleen Bawn*. He plays a half-comic, half-sentimental Irishman of low life, with such completeness and finish that he is at once recognised as one of the most remarkable artists of the day. It is a curious fact in theatrical history, that while crowds visit the Adelphi to see Mr. Boucicault's drama, the manager of the theatre is the leading actor at Drury Lane, whither he has taken his principal low comedian, Mr. Toole. This circumstance may modify the common opinion that the managers of rival houses are animated by a strong hostility against each other.

At the Princess's a novel experiment has been made. The celebrated French actor, M. Fechter, sustains the principal character in an English version of M. Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, and has created general admiration by the grace of his manner, and the passionate intensity with which he depicts the stronger emotions. He is at present one of the histrionic phenomena of whom people talk much, but it is questionable whether so decided a Frenchman can long maintain a position as a chief of the London stage. Mr. Walter Lacy, the well-known light comedian, has shone forth unexpectedly by the propriety with which he represents the cold-blooded, unscrupulous Don, whose disadvantageous contrast to the virtuous lackey is so gratifying to the democratic mind which M. Hugo is so anxious to conciliate. So well pleased, indeed, is Mr. Lacy with the favourable opinions of the press, that he has collected them all and printed them in a circular. A similar course has often been adopted by managers, and still more frequently by publishers, and there is no reason why actors should not take an opportunity of showing the world how generally their merits also are acknowledged.

By the way, this same play of *Ruy Blas* is an excellent instance of the ease with which social questions may be disposed of when the decision is pronounced through the medium of fiction. *Ruy Blas*, the lackey, is the noblest of mankind; his master, the noble, is the most consummate of scoundrels. *Argal*, every footman is better than every aristocrat. The form of syllogism might not pass muster under the eyes of an Aristotle or a Whately; but it is just severe enough for the purposes of democratic clap-trap, convincing alike to him who propounds and to him who applauds. Decidedly the English version of *Ruy Blas* should be dedicated to Mr. John Bright.

Domestic drama makes a very fair figure at the Strand—a theatre which usually depends on broad farce and exceedingly comical burlesque. In a piece called the *Post Boy*, written by a Mr. Craven, a specimen of the class which common parlance blesses with perpetual youth is played to perfection by Mr. James Rogers. This particular Post-boy is almost heart-broken when he has reason to suspect that his granddaughter is the mistress of a gentleman of high degree, and his sorrows on this account, followed by the joy which he feels on hearing that his fair descendant is not a mistress, but a wife, constitute the interest of the piece. Of the views of Post-boys on the delicate subject of family honour we do not profess to be judges, and, in the absence of information, we are quite willing to assume that every one of them is at heart a Virginian, who would eagerly borrow a knife from his friend the butcher, if he saw one of his female relatives threatened with the protection of an Appius Claudius in peg-top trousers. However, Mr. Rogers wisely puts forward the comic rather than the sentimental peculiarities of his hero, so he will be found amusing even by those who will not accept our hypothesis.

The French performances for which M. Taléxy has opened the Bijou Theatre threatened to result in a disastrous failure till he gave a new turn to his undertaking by the engagement of Madame Doche, who plays Adrienne Lecouvreur in laudable

and successful imitation of the late Madlle. Rachel. Great pains have been taken to show that M. Fechter is of English extraction, and that therefore, French as he may seem, he is really talking his own language when he plays in the translation of *Ruy Blas* at the Princess's Theatre. By analogous reasoning, we arrive at the conclusion that Madame Doche, née Plunkett, being of Irish descent, is laboriously acting in a foreign tongue when she speaks French on the stage of the Bijou.

The Olympic Theatre, like a nation, happy without history, undergoes little change, mainly relying on the pieces in which Mr. Robson has long proved himself attractive. However, there is a valuable accession to the company in the person of Miss Louise Keeley, who advances a step higher in every part she undertakes.

When we add that Miss Josephine Gougenheim, an American actress, endowed with personal attractions and no small amount of vivacity, has made a favourable impression by acting high comedy at the Lyceum—that Mr. Phelps is legitimate as ever, as sole manager of Sadler's Wells—and that the *Woman in White* has been violently hammered into dramatic shape to suit the patrons of the Surrey—we suspect that we have given as much theatrical intelligence as our readers will care to receive.

#### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE production of Mr. Edward Loder's opera of the *Night Dancers* is the only approach to novelty which has so far characterized the present English Opera season at Covent Garden. Hitherto Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have been content to rely upon the attractions of old-established favourites in their repertoire—a policy which, with such a spirited and watchful rival as the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre to oppose them, may perhaps be looked upon as somewhat dangerous. Until the production of the *Night Dancers*, the operas which have been given are *Dinorah*, *Lurline*, the *Rose of Castille*, the *Crown Diamonds*, and of course the inevitable *Trovatore*, which in its English dress is more uninteresting and distasteful than ever. The great attraction of the establishment is still the magnificent orchestra, which consists very much of the same performers as that of Mr. Costa at the Royal Italian Opera, and which under Mr. Mellon's admirable guidance, is in fact little, if at all, inferior to Mr. Costa's band, perhaps the finest operatic orchestra in Europe. Several novelties, however, are announced. A new opera by Balfe, is in rehearsal, and will be produced before Christmas; while a translation of Victor Massé's *Noce de Jeannette*, under the title of the *Marriage of Georgette*; is advertised for this evening, for the reappearance of Miss Louisa Pyne, after a long period of indisposition. This little operetta formed part of Mr. Gye's original programme for the past season at Covent Garden, and was to have been produced with Madame Miolan Carvalho in the principal character, she having "created" the part at the Opéra Comique. What appears in the prospectus, does not however, unfortunately, always reach performance; and the management of the English company has taken advantage of the omission. We hear also that a new composer, a Mr. Lauber, is likely to obtain a hearing upon the Covent Garden stage. He is, we believe, a favourite pupil of the celebrated musical critic, M. Fétis, of the Brussels Conservatoire, and though as yet almost a stranger to the general public, is not unknown in musical circles. A comic opera from his pen is, we understand, under consideration, and from what we have heard of some of the numbers, we should be inclined to augur favourably of its success.

The revival of the *Night Dancers* was a praiseworthy attempt on the part of the management to familiarize the public with the music of a writer who stands quite in the foremost rank of our English opera composers, but who, unfortunately both for himself and the public, has been for some time prevented by severe illness from the exercise of his powers. The opera was originally produced fourteen years ago, under Mr. Maddox's management, at the Princess's Theatre, since which time it has never been performed. The story is involved and unsatisfactory, as might be expected from its having originally formed the subject of a ballet; nor has the author of the words, Mr. Soane, done much to clear it from perplexity. We shall therefore dismiss it in as few words as possible. The scene is laid in Silesia. Giselle (Madame Palmieri), the daughter, and Mary (Miss Thirlwall), the niece of Godfrey a miller, (Mr. Theodore Distin), are supposed, upon the rising of the curtain, to have been sitting up late in order to complete the wedding-dress for the marriage of Giselle, which is to take place on the morrow. Mary retires to rest, while the wearied Giselle falls asleep, and dreams the story which forms the subject of the opera. In her dream Giselle fancies that her intended bridegroom, Albert (Mr. H. Haigh), is discovered by Fridolin, the fussy beadle of the village, to be in reality of noble birth, and betrothed to Bertha, a lady of his own rank. Reproaching him with his infidelity, she falls lifeless in his arms, and the first act closes with her funeral procession and requiem. In the second act we have the portion of the story which gives its name to the opera. In accordance with an old Silesian superstition, the *Night Dancers*, or Wilis as they are called, are young brides who die on the eve of their wedding day. Giselle is therefore now one of these. They are supposed to have such a passion for dancing that they cannot rest quietly in their graves; and they accordingly

appear at midnight, dressed in their bridal attire, and waylaying travellers, literally dance them to death. Fridolin is supposed to become their victim, and Albert is on the point of meeting with the same fate, when, at the critical moment, Giselle awakes, and the opera of course concludes with the marriage of the two lovers. The music is spirited and sparkling, bearing a strong affinity, and in some instances even a close resemblance, to that of M. Auber. The overture, which is showy, although perhaps partaking rather more of the character of dance music than is compatible with the dignity of an overture, contains a phrase for the violins which recalls in some degree the opening passage in the overture to *Dinorah*, although, as the *Night Dancers* was written more than fourteen years ago, Mr. Loder can scarcely be accused of plagiarism. The first song in A minor, "Two suitors they came," is quaint and genial; and though without giving cause for any suspicion of direct imitation, is not unlike in character to Ursula's song in Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*. Miss Thirlwall sings it extremely well, as indeed she does all the music entrusted to her. In such parts she is a most valuable acquisition.

The following song for Godfrey, "Laugh, my girls"—a bold and vigorous composition—affords Mr. Distin opportunity for the display of a very pleasing voice, which, although not powerful, is well trained and excellently in tune. A graceful serenade for male voices, with a tenor solo for Albert, next introduces Mr. Haigh for the first time to the audience. He has unquestionably a delicious voice, pure in quality and sufficiently powerful, but his style is sadly wanting in refinement, and the effect of his singing is further much interfered with by a somewhat objectionable pronunciation. Madame Palmieri, too, may also to a certain extent be charged with similar faults. Her voice is very brilliant, especially in the upper portion, but in the lower notes of the register its quality is veiled, and she uniformly tries to force it beyond its natural powers. Her execution is showy, and in many respects not without merit, but it is deficient in precision and clearness. Her first song, "Wild is the spirit," is rather commonplace, nor did she please us by her execution of it as much as many other portions of the opera. Her best effort is the grand scena in Act I., "I dreamt we stood before the altar," an original composition of very great beauty, especially in the latter part, and requiring considerable powers both of voice and mechanical skill to make it effective. The rest of the act consists of a ballad for the tenor, "I cannot flatter, if I would," of no remarkable merit; a fresh and pleasing song for Mary, "The cup is oak;" a long concerted piece introducing a song for Bertha (Miss Leffler); a chorus of huntsmen, and a most elaborate finale. Miss Leffler's song is scarcely suited to her voice, as it was originally written for Miss Sara Flower, who had a very deep contralto, and her singing is further cold and inartistic. Nor are we able to speak more favourably of Mr. Gratton Kelly, who plays the Duke, Bertha's father, and who, whether as a singer or an actor, is scarcely of the calibre necessary for success in such an arena as the Covent-garden boards.

Excellent, however, as are many of the solo portions of the opera which we have enumerated, it is especially in the more ambitious, and, to the general public, less attractive department of concerted writing, that Mr. Loder's skill and true musicianlike qualities are most apparent. The *finale* to the first act will fully bear out this statement. A solo for Fridolin, the beadle, written with great neatness and spirit—an exquisite duet, "He loves me, loves me not," during which Giselle tests the sincerity of her lover's affection by plucking off the petals of a flower (the same incident which is introduced with such consummate skill by Goethe in his *Faust*)—a lively and vigorous Bacchanalian chorus—a considerable sprinkling of ballet music—a solemn chorus of monks—and a variety of other pieces suitable to the situation, are combined with an effect and skilful management which cannot be too highly extolled. Mr. Loder is completely master of all the technical resources of his art. In his management of the orchestra he shows himself fully acquainted with the capabilities and peculiarities of the various instruments, and displays an ingenuity and richness of fancy in his combination of them which few of our English composers could hope to emulate.

The last act of the opera is, on the whole, the best. An extremely elegant duet for Albert and Bertha—which, however, requires a deeper voice than Miss Leffler's to do it thorough justice—a quintet with chorus, "Ah, sure, sweet maid;" a tenor air, "Wake from thy grave, Giselle," precede the appearance of the *Night Dancers*, and are each and all worthy of remembrance. The Wilis music which follows is also an excellent specimen of dramatic writing, and we ought specially to mention a trio for the three principal spirits as equally admirable both in point of composition and performance. As sung by Madlle. Albertazzi, Miss Long, and Miss Mary Huddart, it constitutes one of the most salient features of this (musically) interesting scene. The incidental ballet music is not very unlike what we could have imagined Meyerbeer might have written for a similar "situation," but cannot in any degree be characterized as copied from the composer of *Robert le Diable*. A quiet pretty hymn, an Ave Maria, sung by Giselle upon her return to consciousness, is the only feature which remains to be noticed. The scenery is extremely pretty, while the chorus and orchestra leave nothing to be desired. Altogether the opera is worthy of a greater show of approval than we are afraid it has met with at the hands of the public.



## REVIEWS.

## THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.\*

A TITLE which reminds every household of its own secret trouble seems to indicate an indifference to the received arts of literary conciliation; but probably the majority of novel readers appreciate the fictitious reproduction of their own painful experiences. Like the companions of Briseis weeping over the body of Patroclus, young ladies perhaps cry over a pathetic story, with the hero for an excuse, "but it is her own sorrows which each bewails." More prudent economists of emotion, who find the world quite sufficiently painful as it exists, may be reassured by finding that Lady Scott has a special vocation for one particular form of domestic skeleton, which may be contemplated without disturbance by those who are exempt from its presence in actual life. Her title-page records a former work, called the *Henpecked Husband*, and the *Skeleton in the Cupboard* represents the triumph of another selfish woman over another tame and helpless victim. Direct or indirect sufferers under conjugal tyranny ought to feel gratitude to a lady who gallantly steps forward to protect an alien and persecuted sex. The subjection of husbands by their wives has been a commonplace topic of observation and of jest from the first commencement of wedlock. A graver indignation against the mischievous inversion of lawful order has sometimes been expressed by moralists and by poets, but it is singular that the peculiar meanness and malignity of domineering wives should be delineated with all the insight of genuine antipathy by a feminine hand. The series of novels on henpecking, when it is hereafter complete, will probably constitute a complete monograph of uxorious infelicity.

Occupied with her more serious subject, the authoress has no room for a love story. The marriage necessarily takes place in the first volume, under circumstances so entirely unromantic that they perhaps weaken the effect of the subsequent exposition. A young lady accepts a baronet of fifty, Sir Felix Bohun, already twice a widower, and on the eve of the wedding she discovers a skeleton in the cupboard of Bohun Court, in the person of her husband's brother Guy. This meritorious person had devoted his life to the management of the family house and estates, and he had lived on terms of the warmest friendship with the previous Lady Bohuns. The third owner of the title naturally regards him as an intruder, and her despotic power over her husband might apparently have enabled her to dispense with numerous exhibitions of ingenious spite by which she forces her brother-in-law to take refuge in the Albany. The development of such a plot might be thought scarcely worth recording, yet it derives an interest from the lifelike details of petty female selfishness, and from the accurate and contemptuous picture of corresponding masculine weakness. The natural history of gentlemen and ladies is to some minds not less interesting than the physiology of sea-anemones, and modern novels, properly studied, contain a vast mass of information on the minor characteristics of human nature. The careful reader of the *Henpecked Husband* and of the *Skeleton in the Cupboard* will move about among his married friends and acquaintances with an enlarged capacity to observe their domestic misery and to understand its causes. The anatomical models which illustrate Lady Scott's demonstration could scarcely have been finished with equal accuracy and nicety by any male artist. Although Lady Bohun is made thoroughly mean, hateful, and vulgar, there is scarcely one of her acts and speeches which will not be recognised as familiar by an experienced observer of women and of married life. On the other hand, it may be objected that Guy Bohun is, for a faultless character, too helpless a simpleton, and that Sir Felix has no right to become an invalid dotard at the age of fifty-two. There is also a lady's-maid and confidential adviser of Lady Bohun, who is a stage-villain in petticoats rather than a copy from nature, and it is well known that the temptation of suppressed wills, and of consequent legal complications, is irresistible to all ladies who write novels. A much more respectable wife than Lady Bohun might have tyrannized over her husband and persecuted her brother-in-law. Lady Scott forgets that the pain which she justly desires to inflict on married termagants will be alleviated by the consciousness that they have neither acquired estates by fraud, nor even in all cases perceptibly shortened the lives of their husbands.

Again, the presence of a resident housekeeper brother-in-law is in itself a legitimate grievance. Hostility to sisters-in-law is not by any means uniformly justifiable, but a bride has a right to expect that her husband's middle-aged brother will contrive to have a home of his own. It was not right in Lady Bohun to lock up all the rooms of Bohun Court when she went to town, and her conduct in causing Mr. Bohun's dog to be shot was utterly indefensible; but strong measures of ejection must in some degree be attributed to unwelcome visitors or inmates who fail to take a hint. The young wife's behaviour to her husband, who could not be considered an intruder in his own house, is far less excusable, and although it may very possibly be drawn from life, the lady can scarcely be accepted as an accurate picture of even an unamiable female character. The coldness, the heartless

shallowness, and the calculating frivolity of Lady Bohun's conduct and conversation during the earlier part of her married life, display considerable power of observation, and a faculty of dramatic representation. Her determination to reduce Sir Felix into a helpless state, for the purpose of influencing or dictating his will, is premature, exaggerated, and melodramatic. It takes more than two or three years to worry a healthy middle-aged man to death, or into confirmed and helpless hypochondria, and in social position a dominant wife has many advantages over even a wealthy widow. To explain Lady Bohun's eagerness to kill Sir Felix, it becomes necessary to invent a good-for-nothing cousin, who engages her unoccupied affections. But Lady Scott, in her antipathy to the wife whom she has created, overdoes her imaginary misconduct. Tyrannical women have often a kind of selfish liking or pity for the husbands whom they render miserable and ridiculous, and when they give way to illegitimate preferences, their perversity assumes a different form, and must be censured on independent grounds. It was the object of the *Skeleton in the Cupboard* to show how hateful a woman might become in the unscrupulous pursuit of domestic supremacy, and in the first volume the moral is pointed by the delineation of the triumphant Lady Bohun as the silliest and most contemptible, as well as the most troublesome, of her sex. When the villanous Mrs. Ponsford persuades her to imprison her husband on the pretence of illness, and then to make him really ill, the representative of a large and powerful class sinks into the condition of an exceptional criminal. The genuine art of henpecking is unconnected with the tragic intrigues which point to the bowl and the dagger.

Sir Felix's weakness and cowardice before he is reduced to drivelling incapacity are depicted with remarkable accuracy and skill. The avoidance of all direct conflict, the deliberate blindness to unpleasant appearances, the evasion of explanation, the virtual concession in the midst of remonstrance, are all characteristic of the victim of a love of beauty which is rapidly passing into a morbid dread of violent temper. The unhappy husband implores Mr. Bohun to remain, for his sake, at Bohun Court, and yet he has not sufficient courage to resent the daily insults which the wife accumulates on her hated guest. In the novel, as in the corresponding scenes of real life, Lady Bohun always makes her appearance with a friendly smile at the moment when the brothers are hoping to enjoy a confidential interview. The carriage is at the door, or it is time for Sir Felix to take his walk, or the doctor has declared that he is not for the present to be troubled with serious conversation. There is much reality in the mixture of irritation and gratitude on the part of the henpecked husband, and in the useless indignation of his more clear-sighted fellow-sufferer. The inversion of due domestic order, like all other moral and social errors, always involves innocent victims in its painful consequences. The female usurper generally exhibits her power by urging the puppet master of the house to those acts of injustice or ill-breeding which are most repugnant to his own inclinations. His family and his friends suffer, partly as convenient subjects for experiment, and chiefly, as in their various degrees, possible competitors for influence. Lady Bohun's rudeness to her husband's brother is, to a certain extent, excused by a not unreasonable jealousy. Her anxiety to make Sir Felix an accomplice in her petty persecutions is accurately copied from nature. Another proof of correct observation is furnished by her instinctive antagonism to the family tastes and associations of the Bohuns. She professes a horror of damp and of trees, because they take a pride in their woods; and she finally carries out an obstinate determination to whitewash the respectable old manor house. The first evening of her arrival at home has all the reality of a study from life. A selfish girl would look with the same complacency at the well appointed dinner and on the family plate; nor would she fail to yawn when her husband was discussing domestic news of dogs and horses with independent interest. The polite eagerness with which Sir Felix escorts her to the drawing-room in the hope of averting some ill-natured speech, happily describes the inchoate relations of the weak husband to the domineering wife.

There are men also who are domestic tyrants, and in many households the wife exercises a legitimate supremacy in right of stronger practical intellect. Few sensible men desire to be troubled with the management of their children or their servants, or even with the ordinary regulation of their social arrangements. In all minor matters they are perfectly contented to live under a beneficent despotism; and if they are sometimes conscious of encroachment on their own peculiar province, they persuade themselves that they can assert their own freedom on any sufficient occasion. In proportion, however, to a woman's administrative faculty, she will find a harmless and useful field for her energies. A lady whose dinners are well cooked, whose daughters are well mannered and well dressed, whose servants obey her, and whose neighbours respect her, has generally neither leisure nor inclination to plague her husband with petty jealousies and vexatious interference. Lady Scott is right in depicting her unamiable heroine as an underbred triller, an idler, and a fool. Lady Bohun has neither intellectual cultivation, nor capacity for the government of a household, nor firmness of character to resist the oppression of an unprincipled servant. Her beauty and her selfish obstinacy of purpose barely serve to subjugate a well-meaning simpleton, and to alienate all the friends and dependents of the house. Even the expression of her face

\* *The Skeleton in the Cupboard*. By Lady Scott. London: Saunders and Otley. 1860.

betrays her character when it emerges from a state of repose. "Mr. Bohun's first thought was that he had never seen so pretty a woman; his second was, 'I wish she would never laugh.'" Incapable, like the rest of her species, of deep affection or of self-government, she would have been happier, as well as less mischievous, if she had been subjected to a sensible, or even to a self-willed, master. The ill-placed ambition of insubordinate wives will derive as little encouragement from the *Skeleton in the Cupboard* as the suicidal weakness of compliant husbands.

The very abuse of legitimate manly authority is less pernicious than female tyranny. If mere ruffians and drunkards are left out of consideration, the stupidest and most arbitrary master of a family is generally incapable of the minute ingenuities of feminine persecution. It is not necessary that he should be always contriving to rivet his undisputed power, and he has no perception of the delicate perversities and fine annoyances which belong to the henpecking tribe. Petruchio in his roughest moments would have been more tolerable than Katherine, and Lady Scott bears witness that in modern England, as well as in Padua or in the land of King Gama—

The grey mare  
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills  
From tile to scullery, and her small good-man  
Shrinks in his arm-chair, while the fires of hell  
Burn on his hearth.

A novel with a moral or a purpose is always open to objection; but if domestic mal-administration is to be censured, there is no use in attacking it in essays or in sermons. It is scarcely likely that any tame husband will be induced by the *Skeleton in the Cupboard* to attempt a laudable insurrection, and the Lady Bohuns of real life are too foolish and too shallow to profit by any ideal representation of their own monstrous obliquities. Lady Scott must seek the reward of her labours in the consolation afforded to a numerous and deserving class which will find in her pages its oppressors rendered odious and their instruments contemptible. The Guy Bohuns, who shrink from the sharp tongues of spiteful sisters-in-law, will enjoy a vicarious revenge in the exposure of a silly and vulgar shrew. The supplementary machinery of wills and codicils and felonious ladies'-maids, although it may for some readers increase the interest of the story, is irrelevant to its principal purpose.

#### BUTT'S HISTORY OF ITALY.\*

IT is one among the main conditions of permanent interest in any history, that the series of transactions which it enumerates should tend to some tangible result, even if they do not culminate in a climax of one kind or another. The dramatist and the historian are in a great measure subject to the same laws of composition. Neither can fulfil his aim entirely without richness of detail, variety of incident, and a succession of striking and effective situations; but for neither is picturesqueness the sole requisite of success. An intelligible plot, to which the details and situations of each changing scene are in one form or other subservient, is as necessary for the voracious historian as for the dramatizing adapter of history. Whether it be the growth of a great State out of a small one, the progress of the independence of a nation, or the enlargement of free popular institutions, the assertion of a principle, or the antagonism of incongruous races, there should be found in every continuous picture of a portion of the world some main idea which the student can seize as the clue to the meaning of the pageant. Some such idea is involved in the details of every procession of events, of which not one does in truth happen without a meaning; and the skill of tracing that idea intuitively, delicately, and without exaggeration, is what most distinguishes the historical artist from the simple chronicler. The longer the period, and the more complex the narrative, the more comprehensive and forcible grasp is required at the hands of the historian. It is a far easier task to write the story of republican or imperial Rome in a style which shall be continuously interesting, than to gather into one thread, and follow out to any definite result, the annals of the several States of ancient Greece, brilliant and noteworthy as each separate leaf of those annals may be. We cannot say absolutely that in all history it is the end which crowns the work, inasmuch as no piece of human history has an absolute ending. But it may be fairly said that the first question we ask ourselves after studying the chronicle of any age is—How much does all this lead to? and that, if there is no visible mark on successive ages of its having led to anything, we are apt to pass it on into that corner of our minds where we keep the memories of such things as are only worth having learned in order that we may not be troubled with learning them again. Englishmen are never tired of reading the history of their own land, and marking the successive epochs of gradual struggle and firm self-assertion through which their freedom has "broadened slowly down" on a basis of strong reverence for law. French history will never cease to afford an interesting lesson to others beside Frenchmen of the awful suddenness with which an imposing but rotten edifice may crash at last, and of the dangerous and untrustworthy nature of the foundations on which the new pile of national existence rears itself after such a volcanic eruption as that

which consecrated "the principles of 1789." There are other States in modern Europe of which the present phases are too barren and uninteresting to invite much ventilation of their past experiences in search of a lesson or a moral. And there are nations whose attitude is such as to make the most thoughtless and uninquiring among us anxious to understand, if possible, both their actual character and their former history. Any treatise on Italy published at this moment would command a sufficient circle of readers, if only written with a presentable style and an average amount of research and accuracy. The struggle through which the populations of the peninsula have passed during the last ten years of repression, and two years of open insurrection, war, and revolution, has awakened on all sides a speculative interest in their qualities and their destiny which the European public at large was far from feeling in the year of Novara. While the fate of Italy still hangs in the balance—while the process is yet going on before our eyes through which a firmly-founded and well-balanced edifice of Italian independence is ultimately to be consolidated, or while, as the patrons of the vested rights of absolutism rejoice or affect to believe, the overgrown monstrous birth of revolutionary principles is but swelling in incoherent bulk to crumble into ruin the more inevitably and the more hopelessly—all who have leisure to do so may find a peculiar profit in reviewing the long and tangled skein of events which have contributed, appreciably or inappreciably, to produce and colour the present complication of Italian politics.

The two volumes already published of Mr. Butt's History will be found a valuable and interesting, though somewhat meagrely-sketched, *resumé* of the fortunes of Italy up to the years immediately subsequent to the treaties of Vienna. As the professed scope of the work, as indicated on the title-page, is to follow those fortunes from the abdication of Napoleon onwards, it would be as unfair to prejudge Mr. Butt's power as an historian from the introductory volumes at present before us as to estimate the value of Macaulay's History of England by the brilliant, but superficial, generalizations of English character and manners contained in his opening summary. The sketches of the various salient points of Italian history from the eighth to the eighteenth century, which, if read as a substantive work, might be criticised as thin in detail, unconnected in outline, and here and there inverted in order, assume a coherency and a proportion when viewed in reference to the main idea of which the historian has yet to work out the development in his succeeding volumes. Where so many concurrent threads have to be woven into a single narrative, it is impossible for the narrator to maintain absolute continuity except at the expense of exaggerating or diminishing unduly the respective importance of one or more threads among them. Perhaps there is no country in Europe in regard of which it is at once so difficult and so necessary to maintain distinct the several threads of story as in the case of Italy. In none, as Mr. Butt remarks, is the present so completely interwoven with the past, or the impress of former centuries more decisively stamped upon the face of the current age. The very fact of the continued subdivision of the peninsula into so many political units, while the remainder of Europe has been massing itself into five or six corporations of more or less homogeneous nationality, has tended to preserve in greater distinctness the individual elements of the Italian family. The far-reaching influence which the history of the Italy of the early German Emperors and the Popes has upon the history of the Italy of the nineteenth century, and the obvious relation of her latter state as a consequence to her earlier state as a cause, are among the most forcible illustrations of the truth of her familiar proverb—*Dio non paga il Sabato*. Mr. Butt's first two volumes bring the drama to the point which, for us, is the fourth act—the latest attempt of European diplomacy to settle the Italian question as a whole, with a view rather to the peace of a Continent wearied with war than to the rights and requirements of an independent nation. The state in which the Congress of Vienna left the peninsula is only fairly comprehensible through a knowledge of that previous history which alone made such a settlement outwardly feasible. Where the justice and policy of an arrangement devised as the best makeshift by the combined diplomatic talent of Europe not half a century since have been so forcibly belied by the experience of our own times, it is natural to search farther back for the original conditions of the evil; and in this diagnosis Mr. Butt will be found to give the general reader considerable help towards clearness of conception.

The keynote which governs all the earlier modulations of Italian history has always been recognised in the continued struggle between the German Emperor paramount and the Papal See. Free cities and small lordships might rise and flourish or fall in the midst of the arena where these two singular and singularly matched Powers were contending. But the allegiance which, in one sense or other, was claimed by both of them from free cities and lords alike, and the constant interference which ensued on those claims, were enough to restrict the expansion of the smaller principalities and republics of Italy to a certain limited compass, and to substitute for the gradual development of any larger national existence the jealous spirit of municipal freedom or tyranny alone. If, in the place of a German Emperor, elected by Germans on the other side of the Alps, connected with Italy by no title or possession beyond those involved in the alleged inheritance of the Roman Empire, a strong Lombard Power had early succeeded in grasping the

\* *The History of Italy, from the Abdication of Napoleon I.; with Introductory References to that of Earlier Times.* By Isaac Butt. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.



supreme feudal authority over the peninsula, Italian history might perhaps have run in a more analogous course to that of other European kingdoms. Under whatever circumstances, or by whatever means, a gradual cohesion or absorption of the separate political units of Italy would probably have taken place in the interest of any secular national centre of force practically strong enough to stand between them and foreign interference. In the destruction of the Lombard dynasty by Charlemagne at the instance of the Papal See, the chance of finding such a centre was lost for ages. The Pope became, and was for one century after another, the only representative before Europe of the national life of Italy. But the very nature of the jurisdiction which placed the Holy See in such a position involved the impossibility of its performing that function with the singleness of purpose or steadiness of aim which might have characterized a purely temporal Power. The anomalous mixture of spiritual and material weapons with which the warfare of the Church was conducted, made the result of any victory obtained by her over the Imperial invaders of Italian rights at once more problematic and more transient than a lesser advantage won by the weight of the sword alone. The memorable scene of the solemn humiliation of Henry IV. by Pope Hildebrand in the fortress of Canosa is perhaps the grandest and most picturesque climax to which the assertion of the authority of the successors of St. Peter ever rose. It is impossible to read without admiration for the sublime and uncompromising sternness of the Pontiff that most striking example of the absolute triumph of the Church over its rebellious child, at that moment the first Sovereign of the Christian world. But the effect of the conqueror's excommunication, and the submission of the conquered, passed away before the snows were melted in which the Emperor had stood as a penitent for three days, and within a few years Henry had been crowned by his own nominee in Rome, and Hildebrand died an exile at Salerno.

When the growing strength and self-reliance of the free cities of the Lombard League and the other Italian Republics had once brought them into definite and direct contact with the question of the Imperial prerogative, the influence which the nature of the Papal power in Italy exercised on the course of her political history might seem to be less obvious and of less primary importance. Substantially its tendency remained the same. Unsafe and exacting as a temporal ally, bitter and unscrupulous as an enemy, seldomable sincerely to identify itself with the cause it professed to defend, always ready to call in foreign intervention to eke out its own unsubstantial resources, occupying the natural position, geographically and morally, of the principal Power of Central Italy, the ecclesiastical dynasty of Rome must be counted among the main causes which kept alive, for age after age, the evil of alien dominion in the States bordering on its own possessions. It was the policy of the Papal Court which, in the Sicilian kingdom, substituted the rule of Charles of Anjou for that of the House of Hohenstauffen, which Frederick II. and Manfred had done their best to render national and Italian. The destiny which for so many generations had rarely brought the Emperor face to face with his southern dependencies except in the character of an enemy, might have changed under the system inaugurated by those princes. But it did not appear for the interest of the Papacy that Italy, to the north and south of the States of the Church, should be held under one strong personal rule, and the alternative of placing a French usurper on the throne of Naples as a fief from the Holy See was unscrupulously chosen. The authors of that act were ultimately responsible for a result which they did not contemplate—the foundation of Spanish power in Italy. It may generally be said, that from the time when the Roman See finally emerged triumphant from the contest which it carried on for so long, and under so many forms, with German Imperialism, the colour of its policy became even less than before such as would have suited a national Italian Power. As it had intrigued to bring into Italy alien Princes, so did alien Princes intrigue with success to make a foreign influence paramount in the internal councils of the Church. French preponderance in the conclave induced the secession to Avignon and the scandal of a double Papacy. The Holy Leagues against foreign invaders which were headed by the great soldier-Pope Julius II. and Clement VII., were exceptions to the general policy of the Popes, and they were too late to prevent the struggles for mastery which French and Spanish rivals had already begun. When that intermittent contest was ultimately terminated by the treaty of Chateau Cambresis, in 1559, the tyranny of alien despotism over the wasted and demoralized battlefield of Italy was almost complete. The power of self-defence, scattered and subdivided among the several towns or dukedoms, squandered and neutralized by the suicidal rivalry of local factions and the fatal practice of trusting to foreign *condottieri*, had dwindled to nothing. The power of attack had grown meanwhile, with the consolidation of the respective kingdoms of France and Spain, in almost an inverse ratio to the capacity of resistance in Italy. manifold as were the causes which had contributed to this result beside the one we have indicated, it is impossible not to feel that the want of cohesion, while all her neighbours were growing, was that which has lain at the root of the weakness of Italy for so many ages; and that this want of cohesion depended mainly on the absence of a central power of natural, and not artificial, strength and policy, round which the smaller bodies might gradually have been grouped by the attraction of superior force.

## THE WORTLEBANK DIARY.\*

THERE are two things which all unoccupied women of decent education think themselves qualified to do at a moment's notice. They are always prepared to teach, and to write a novel. If they shrink from the effort and weariness of a long connected story, they can at least write short stories for magazines. And yet writing a story for a magazine is not really such a very easy thing. It requires practice, dexterity, and perhaps some little natural turn. Ladies who are inclined to try their hand might study with advantage the magazine stories of some writer who can do with confidence and success what they are inclined to think so easy, and they will find that there are many tricks of the trade which must be mastered before the writings of good story-tellers are rivalled. *Wortlebank Diary* seems to us calculated to supply them with just what they want. It is a collection of short stories published in periodicals, and these stories are indisputably successful. They have, in the first place, been accepted, because their authoress has earned an honest reputation by former and more sustained works. They have actually come out, and been printed in magazines, and therefore it must be taken for granted that they are the sort of things which periodicals require; and, lastly, no one can read them without owning and feeling that they are neatly and sensibly written, and are very tolerably entertaining. On the other hand, they are not in the least ambitious. They never soar beyond the range of domestic life. They contain no philosophy, little passion, and no adventure. They are, therefore, unlikely to daunt or deter the student, and are precisely the sort of stories which novices think they could write off-hand. In themselves these volumes would scarcely call for notice; but, as a model for inexperienced story-tellers, they are too good to pass by. There are, we think, a few plain rules to be deduced from them which may be useful. Of course the real merit consists not so much in what is done by the authoress as in the way in which it is done. The ease and quiet grace and simple pleasantness of the writing is not a thing to be measured out by rules. But there are points in the construction of the stories which have evidently much to do with the stories being popular, and these may be fastened on without much difficulty, and could be passably imitated even by a beginner.

The first piece of advice which we may extract from *The Wortlebank Diary* is to keep at a low level. The great source of interest in domestic stories is the portraiture of those feelings, sorrows, and joys which make up the mass of family life; and it is by going into what is common to many families, by striking home to general sympathies, that a large number of applauding readers is most easily earned. That sisters like their brothers to come home from school, that mothers spend the long nights in crying over the follies of their sons, that fathers think their daughters perfect little treasures, are all very poor commonplaces, but they are things which every one likes to be reminded of in a pretty way. There is plenty of this sort of very elementary painting in Holme Lee's Tales. She goes in for the simplest characters, the warmest feelings, the most near and natural ties between the people whom she brings together. She does not go deep; she never excites us with wonder, or burdens us with mysteries, or shames us with the exaggerations of sensibility. These tales are unambitious, but then they are successful. She can do what she tries to do; and her imitators will rival her in proportion as they learn not to go beyond their own strength. Perhaps also she is right in keeping at a low pitch of wit. It is true, as a general rule, that no jokes are better than bad jokes. But when the bad jokes are very small and not vulgar, and are set in the midst of an unambitious story, they sometimes produce a feeling which is nearer amusement than contempt. For example, in the last story in the collection, called "Ashburn Rectory," there is a long sketch of the society of a village. There is the proper old maid, and the bustling old maid, and the sentimental old maid. There is a half-pay captain who keeps off the old maids by speaking of a charming creature in Scotland. There is even a poet who is always talking of his sighs, and who writes impossibly ludicrous sonnets. Each little joke, taken by itself, is but the shadow of a joke's shade, it is so small, so faint, so very thin; and yet the whole description seems to glide by us rippling and prattling like a brook, and may soothe and even delight us if we are in the humour. They are, indeed, the sort of jokes which pass current in a family circle, and thus, however indifferent they may be, they are in keeping with the more serious side of the tales. All through the book we are in a region where everything is perfectly intelligible, where there is no deep emotion excited, but where the common feelings have plenty of play, and there is as much to cry and laugh at as there is in ordinary life.

Another very useful hint is furnished by these tales. There should always be one strongish incident. It creates an apparent contrast to the even tenor of family existence, and yet may easily be made in keeping with it. There is always some little horror introduced into this writer's story to give our nerves a gentle shake, and yet, even in the most horrible of the horrors, the shake is still very gentle. In one tale the lover is disgraced by stealing trust-money. In another he commits a murder, and his crime is accidentally discovered by his own wife. In

\* *The Wortlebank Diary*. By Holme Lee. London: Smith and Elder. 1860.

a third, one of two brothers commits two murders and then goes mad. In a fourth, a married woman is on the eve of an elopement. It need not be said that the authoress does not paint her dismal scenes in very black colours; there is always some pleasant bit of family life interspersed to keep up our spirits and relieve us. But still the action of the story is connected with one of those events which interest every one, which alarm us vaguely, and yet awaken more curiosity than alarm. In a real story of horrors, the murder, if that is the horror chosen, is made the one great topic. Every scene is made to lead up to it, every feeling of the murderer is analysed, every clue is carefully revealed by which the crime is ultimately detected. We are meant to be absorbed and fascinated by the very horror of the horrible. On the other hand, in many stories of family life the interest of interesting crimes, great calamities, and shocking catastrophes is wholly omitted. It is thought incongruous to mix up the vinegar and oil of society in this way. Perhaps in a long tale the accumulation of small things may make up a great thing, and we may have been taught gradually to know the characters of the story so well that we can glean a little pleasure from connecting these characters with the minor events of life. But in short stories there is no time for this. We must come to something interesting at once, and a good big crime answers the purpose much better than anything else. A couple of murders in thirty pages ought to rivet our attention, if the writer is capable of winning our attention at all. But then, if the murders were made too much of, the little nothings of the small social circle would seem already out of place by their side. The best way, then, is to take a big crime, and treat it mildly, and this is done persistently and skilfully in the *Wortlebank Diary*.

Lastly, it is an excellent and almost an indispensable plan to make as much of the heroine as the space will allow. And here, again, the true course is to notice those qualities in a heroine which every one can appreciate and relish. The heroine should be very pretty and very loving; she should dress in an engaging manner, and blush and sink her eyes, and be very fond of her sisters, and coax her future father-in-law. The feelings of the hero towards her should be dwelt on. However short the story may be, it is always bad economy to cut the love-making short. The sentimental is really needed, or the story is flat. The well-known scenes in which maidens are most engaging should be brought in. The sweet girl should be found among her flowers. She should gaze out of her bedroom as the shadow of her young man flits across the lawn. She should stroll by the river when he is fishing; she should come suddenly upon him while he is shooting; and he should see her for the first time as she is radiant with mirth, exulting in the glee of innocent childhood, and with a fawn-like, dove-like, saint-like modesty overspreading her as with a veil. It is only the foolish who think themselves too wise to make light of their heroines, or dream they can dispense with the usual phrases and scenes of love-making. It should always be kept in mind who are the people that read magazine stories. They are young ladies or idle men, and both have much the same tastes, the former hoping to be, and the latter to find, the heroines. For long stories odd heroines or no heroines may do very well. The plain, dark-eyed, eccentric young woman, with a journal and moral scruples, and an elderly lover, is not ill-suited to a three-volume novel, where everything can be by degrees be toned down to suit her. But for short stories, a heroine who is a little more conventional and intelligible is much better suited. And before all things she ought to be made prominent. The *Wortlebank Diary* is very successful in this. The young girls, and their sweetness and beauty, and the reverence and passion with which they are regarded, the dress they look best in, and the occupations of which they are most fond, are all minutely described. The consequence is that these heroines form an agreeable counterpoise and contrast to the murders. The story departs from the standard of common family life, on the one hand, by a crime, or big misery, being introduced—on the other, by the presence, the charms, and the fate of a lovely young woman. There is great art in this. Neither the murder nor the heroine is ever put so much forward as to disturb the general impression that we are in the midst of quiet things and quiet people, and yet the ordinary, the familiar, and the prosaic is constantly relieved by the introduction of unusual error and unusual loveliness.

These, then, as we think the *Wortlebank Diary* shows, are the three great requisites of an unambitious, and yet graceful and successful, magazine story. There must be family life, a crime, and a pretty girl. The recipe, like most recipes, will undoubtedly be useless except to those who have some natural turn for cooking. The air of prettiness and good sense which Holme Lee has acquired cannot be attained by merely studying her method of writing. But many more people fail from not knowing what to write about than from not knowing how to write; and those who wish to write a magazine story, and have some command over language, and yet are destitute of a clear notion of what their story ought to contain, may study the *Wortlebank Diary* with great advantage. There is only one hint on a trifling matter of detail which we have to add to the more general results of the examination. It is a good plan, according to Holme Lee's judgment, to bring in plenty of kissing. The embraces of the lovers in the different stories are vividly and patiently described. It is also stated when and how the lovers

take the ladies by the waist; and on one occasion it is even pointed out that the swain—who had the misfortune to be a miller—left a white streak all round his sweetheart's gown. The advantage of putting this in is exactly like the advantage of bringing a heroine on the stage in white satin. When the young lady in a novel has these attentions paid her, we know and feel that she is a heroine and no mistake, just as the white satin enables us to predict that the first-class woes of the tragedy are reserved for its wearer. It is by thinking nothing too small to attend to that success is won. Holme Lee understands her business much too well not to record the kisses; and her imitators should not only follow her example on this one point, but should acquire the general habit of studying the treatment of details which goes so far to make a magazine story good or bad.

#### MACKEY'S FREEMASONRY.\*

IT is a bold task which we have undertaken in venturing to review this book. To review it, indeed, in the strict sense of the word, would be simply impossible. Criticism, after all, implies something in common between the author and the critic; it implies something like an appeal to principles admitted by each of them. But the *Lexicon of Freemasonry* is too much for us. Who are we that we should sit in judgment on the author of the *Mystic Tie*, who is also "Secretary-General of the Supreme Council, Thirty-third Degree," or even on Mr. Donald Campbell, though his degree of "S.P.R.S." boasts no higher rank than the Thirty-second? We should as soon attempt to settle a question of precedence between their Serene Highnesses of Reuss-Greiz and Reuss-Schleiz, or to count up the exact number of Henries who have ruled over those two illustrious principalities. What can we say to a book which promises us "An Account of all the Rites and Mysteries of the Ancient World?" Can we enjoy such a boon with a safe conscience? Do we not make ourselves partakers of the sins of Alcibiades and the Hermes-breakers? Do we not expose ourselves to the Horatian malison against him

..... qui Cereris sacrum  
Vulgarit arcanæ?

Have Dr. Mackey and Mr. Campbell stumbled on anything so curious as "A Guide to the Mysteries of the Bona Dea, by Publius Clodius?" Or have they found the private journal of Demetrius Poliorcetes, with a full, true, and particular account of all that was done when the seasons changed their places to initiate him into both mysteries at once? We heard the other day that an Oriental scholar had lately discovered Nebuchadnezzar's pocket-book, compared with which the diaries of Demetrius and Clodius would be modern indeed. We have learned from Aristophanes some dim notion of the great advantages of the Initiated in the other world, but, by some inextricable confusion of ideas, our vision of their bliss always includes a perpetual singing of *ἑρμηνεύει*. Dr. Mackey, no doubt, knows all about it. He can wield the "mystica vannus Iacchi," and tell us why EI was written up at Delphi. He is, of course, himself the great Hierophant, and Mr. Donald Campbell his attendant Daduchus. Doubtless they know all the learning of the sacred chickens, and can tell us exactly what is portended by a "tripudium solistimum," and what we are to expect when mice gnaw gold, or when "bos in foro locutus est." One thing only we ask. We know what happened to Cicero when he met a brother augur. May the profane learn whether Dr. Albert Mackey can meet Mr. Donald Campbell without laughing?

What is Freemasonry? That we greatly desire to know, and that is just what Hierophant Mackey does not tell us. Opening the book at a shot, we find that there is the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," the "Ancient Craft Masonry," the "Ancient Masons," the "Modern Masons," the "Ancient Reformed Rite," the "Adoptive Masons," and, what we should least have expected, the "Androgynous Masons." But what is Freemasonry itself? That, we suppose, is the secret, the very thing which we are not to know. But if so, it is really rather hard to tell us so much about it. Mr. Donald Campbell and Dr. Mackey must surely be descendants of that Scottish tyrant who gorged his victim with salt beef, and then gave him a cup without water. Like their predecessor, they kindle a thirst and refuse to gratify it. We long to know why Dr. Mackey is in the Thirty-third Degree, and Mr. Campbell only in the Thirty-second—why Dr. Mackey is a G. . . H. . . P. and Mr. Campbell an S.P.R.S. We are told that "Freemasonry is in its principles undoubtedly coeval with the Creation." But what Creation? the orthodox Creation of the six days, or the Creation of the *Vestiges*? Were the Adoptive and Androgynous Mason ever fishes, and will they ever be crows? And what are the "principles" thus coeval? How could Adam hold a Lodge before the appearance of Eve? But we suspect the principles of masonry belong to some much earlier Creation. Masonry, it seems, according to some of its votaries, has nothing to do with anything so vulgar as bricks and mortar. It comes from *περὸ πύργου*, I am in the midst of heaven. This elevated position belongs to none of Adam's race but the very modern sect of aeronauts. The whole section from which we get this piece of etymology is worth transcribing. The

\* *A Lexicon of Freemasonry, &c. &c.* By Albert G. Mackey, M.D., &c. &c. First English Edition, reprinted from the Fifth American Edition. Revised by Donald Campbell. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co. 1860.



perfect simplicity of the last sentence is not the least admirable thing about it:—

**MASON, DERIVATION OF.**—The etymology of the words mason and masonry has afforded masonic writers an ample opportunity of exhibiting their research and ingenuity. Some have derived them from the Persian Magi, or disciples of Zoroaster; while Hutchinson offers the conjecture, that they are corrupted from the Greek *Μωρσιον*, a mystery, and *Μωρσις*, one initiated into the ancient mysteries. He seems, too, to think that *Mason* may probably come from *Mau Zoor*, *I seek what is safe*, and *masonry* from *Μεσοπαρῖς*, *I am in the midst of heaven*, or from the Hebrew Greek *Μαζουπίδ*, one of the constellations of the zodiac. A writer in the *European Magazine* for February, 1792, who signs himself George Drake, attributing to masonry a Druidical origin, derives *Mason* from what he calls *may's on*, or the men of May—*on* being *men*, as in the French *on dit*, and *may's on* are, therefore, the Druids, whose principal celebrations were in the month of May. Others assert that it comes from the mediæval Latin *massa*, a club; *domus massata* being a club-house, where gentlemen belonging to the club associate, or, in other words, a tyled house, from the porter at the door being armed with a club to keep out strangers. The club or *massa* would soon give name to the peculiar subjects (building) discussed at the meeting, and hence both the French and English expressions have been originated. Lastly, we may add, as a curious coincidence, at least, that the Hebrew *יָדָה*, *massang* or *masan*, signifies a stone quarry. All these suggestions, however, seem to me to be more fanciful than true; it is more probable that the word must be taken in its ordinary signification of a worker in stone, and thus it indicates the origin of the order from a society of practical artificers.

The whole book, to the profane, is so very odd, that one article is as good as another, either as a specimen or to excite wonder. What, for instance, can be the possible meaning of the following?

**CLEFTS OF THE ROCKS.**—The whole of Palestine is very mountainous, and these mountains abound in deep clefts or caves, which were anciently places of refuge to the inhabitants in time of war, and were often used as lurking-places for robbers. It is, therefore, strictly in accordance with geographical truth that the statement, in relation to the concealment of certain persons in the clefts of the rocks, is made in the third degree.

Or again, what is this strange mysticism about a Tyler?

**TYLER.**—An officer in a symbolic lodge, whose duty it is to guard the lodge against the intrusion of the profane. As in operative masonry, the tyler, when the edifice is erected, finishes and covers it with the roof, so, in speculative masonry, when the lodge is duly organized, the Tyler closes the door, and covers the sacred precincts from all intrusion. The Tyler is not necessarily a member of the lodge, but should always be a worthy Mason, and skilful in the craft. He generally receives a moderate compensation for his services.

The craft, it seems, does not despise the aid of fine writing. We gather from the following passage, that "Androgynous," i.e. (so to speak) Gilbertine, masonry is not altogether orthodox:—

**WOMAN.**—The objection so often made by the fair sex, that they are most ungraciously refused an entrance into our order, and a knowledge of our secrets, is best answered by a reference to the originally operative character of our institution. That woman is not admitted to a participation in our rites and ceremonies, is most true. But it is not because we deem her unworthy or unfaithful, or deny her the mind to understand, or the heart to appreciate our principles; but simply because, in the very organization of masonry, man alone can fulfil the duties it inculcates, or perform the labours it enjoins. Free and speculative masonry is but an application of the art of operative masonry to moral and intellectual purposes. Our ancestors worked at the construction of the Temple of Jerusalem; while we are engaged in the erection of a more immortal edifice—the temple of the mind. They employed their implements for merely mechanical purposes; we use them symbolically, with more exalted designs.

Thus, in all our emblems, our language, and our rites, there is a beautiful exemplification and application of the rules of operative masonry, as it was exercised at the building of the Temple. And as King Solomon employed in the construction of that edifice only hale and hearty men, and cunning workmen, so our lodges, in imitation of that great exemplar, demand as the indispensable requisite to admission, that the candidate shall be free-born, of lawful age, and in the possession of all his limbs and members, that he may be capable of performing such work as the Master shall assign to him.

Hence it must be apparent that the admission of women into our order would be attended with a singular anomaly. As they worked not at the Temple, neither can they work with us. But we love and cherish them not the less. One of the holiest of our mystic rites inculcates a reverence for the widow, and pity for the widow's son. The wife, the mother, the sister, and the daughter of the Mason, exercise a peculiar claim upon each Mason's heart and affections. And while we know that woman's smile, like the mild beams of an April sun, reflects a brighter splendour on the light of prosperity, and warms with grateful glow the chilliness of adversity, we regret not the less deeply because unavailing, that no ray of that sun can illumine the recesses of our lodge, and call our weary workmen from their labours to refreshment.

These specimens will probably be thought enough without enlightening our readers with the definitions of Transient Candidates and Sublime Knights Elected. It is wonderful how much our mystagogues tell us. We have long Rituals given for the Consecration of Lodges and the Installation of Office-Bearers. But of the kernel of the whole matter we are left ignorant. As to the final causes of Lodges and Office-Bearers, we know as little as when we began. The whole thing is enough to set one thinking. What does it all mean? Is there anything in it or nothing? Here is an elaborate system claiming a vast antiquity, and spread at this moment over a large part of the world. When we are told that the principles of masonry are coeval with the creation, that masonry received its present organization at the building of Solomon's Temple, that it has something to do with the mysteries of India, Egypt, and Greece, that mediæval chivalry is not indeed identical with it, but derived from it, and finally, that masonry is derived from *μεσοπαρῖς*, we at once see that the writers are talking nonsense. But what strikes one is the solemnity of the nonsense. It looks very much as if the talkers of the nonsense really believed it. Of course nothing is more common than the power of creating a science about nothing, and believing in it as a real science—a gift displayed in its per-

fection by heralds and by some classes of lawyers. But Freemasonry seems to go beyond this. It is hardly possible to believe that so very extensive a society can be associated absolutely for no purpose whatever; and yet it is difficult to understand what rational purpose can be served by such an organization. It is not a religious sect; it is not a political party. It is not strictly a secret society, for, though it professes to possess secrets, it blazons forth its existence and many of its ceremonies before the eyes of all men. Its religious position again is very curious. We gather that it requires from its members no more definite creed than a profession of theism. The mason may be a Jew; he may not be an atheist; we suppose he may be a Deist or a Mahometan. It has Chaplains, it opens its meetings with prayer, it sings the Psalms of David, and reads lessons from the historical books of the Old Testament. The whole system seems to imply a belief in these books. Nothing more thoroughly pervades the whole thing than the mysticizing and symbolizing of Old Testament names, objects, and persons. But there is a significant omission of everything distinctively Christian. It is not for us to explain this. We simply remark it.

Again, we suppose the question will make Freemasons very indignant, but we cannot help asking, what is the relation between Masonry and other societies, less dignified doubtless, but which to the uninitiated present the same appearance of elaborate and meaningless mysticism. What are Odd Fellows and Foresters? What are the Welsh Ivorites? What are those Druids of the City of Oxford who every year make Mr. Cardwell come and talk to them after dinner? Are all these spurious imitations of Freemasonry, or what? Of course we, who do not know what Freemasonry itself is, cannot pretend to tell.

We said we would not criticise, and we will not. We, therefore, simply ask, in all humility, how (p. 54) Charles XII, King of Sweden, could have "instituted an order of knighthood in 1811."

#### THE DEAD SHOT.\*

THIS book, which appears to be the work of an experienced hand, is remarkable for the decisive judgment pronounced by it against breech-loading guns. It is undeniable that this sort of gun is popular—partly, perhaps, because some ill-informed persons believe that it is a new invention. But really the oldest, or nearly the oldest, guns were breech-loaders, formed of several parts, whose cohesion was very imperfectly secured. It was thought an improvement when guns were cast in a single piece, and such guns were necessarily muzzle-loaders. Now, in the progress of time, we have returned to built guns; and manufacturers of rifled cannon appear to think it necessary to complicate the problem which they undertake by the gratuitous condition of breech-loading. It is true that Sir William Armstrong's guns are necessarily loaded at the breech, because the charge cannot pass down the gun. It is stated that the Admiralty will not allow breech-loading cannon on board ship because of their tendency to fill the between-decks with smoke; and it is also stated that several men-of-war are to be armed—at least partially—with Armstrong guns. It remains to be seen how this apparent contradiction will be removed; and it may be remarked that hitherto breech-loading guns have not in general attained that superior rapidity of fire which might have been expected to be their principal recommendation. We heard lately from China that the Armstrong field-pieces were loaded almost or quite as quickly as the old-fashioned guns; and this appeared to be meant as praise. But surely, unless something can be gained in speed, it would be better to preserve simplicity. In the controversies which are carried on upon these subjects, one side opposes, and the other urges change, merely because it is change. But as it is most desirable to proceed on some more rational ground than this, we have read with interest the comparison between the two methods of construction contained in the work before us, because it appears to be founded on a large experience; and, although the subject of it is the sporting-gun, it is to a considerable extent applicable to all sorts of fire-arms.

This author states that—

The inventions which have been patented of late years are similar to those which were experimented upon over and over again, and finally abandoned, because the inventors despaired of producing a perfect form of breech-loader, or one that would kill with equal force at equal distance to a muzzle-loader.

He gives credit to inventors for having produced very handsome and useful guns for short ranges. He does not wish to discourage those who possess breech-loaders. "They will find them useful for every purpose except wet days and long shots." As regards himself, he uses a breech-loader for tame game and in early season, but for wild game and real sport, long shots and safety, he prefers muzzle-loaders. This opinion is entitled to respect, because the author shows in every page of his book that he understands the subject of which he treats. His advice to young sportsmen is brief, clear, and practical, and we fully believe that those who act upon it steadily cannot fail to improve their shooting. Hence, when he undertakes to weigh the advantages

\* *The Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide.* Being a Treatise on the use of the Gun, with Rudimentary and Finishing Lessons in the Art of shooting Game of all kinds; Pigeon-shooting, Dog-breaking, &c. By Marksman. London: Longmans. 1860.

and disadvantages of breech-loaders, we cannot help attaching importance to his conclusions.

The breech-loading method has the merit of simplicity and quickness in loading. The ramrod, flask, pouch, &c., are dispensed with. The charge may be drawn and the gun cleaned easily. The gun may be charged rapidly whilst the sportsman lies in a cramped position. The defects are that the breech-loader does not shoot so strong nor kill so far as the muzzle-loader, though allowed a quarter of a drachm of powder extra. This statement, of course, must be taken on the credit of the author. It is heavier than the muzzle-loader, and more expensive as regards ammunition, and also as to the gun itself, because it wears out and gets out of repair sooner. The recoil is heavier and the report louder. The penetration of damp between the false breech and barrels cannot be avoided. "There is obviously a greater risk of bursting. Indeed the safety of the breech-loader, after much usage, becomes doubtful, by reason of the escape of gas between the false breech and barrels; particularly after the trying vibrations of heavy charges." The cartridges cannot be carried loose without danger from a blow or friction, which might explode the cap. There is very little saving of time in charging the breech-loader. In support of this last assertion, the author states that an experienced advocate of the muzzle-loader has recently given a public challenge that he would load and be ready for a shot as soon as a breech-loading sportsman.

This is a formidable catalogue of objections, and one of them especially deserves notice, because it applies, if well-founded, to all breech-loading arms. Is it true that the safety of such arms becomes after much usage doubtful?—that is, as we understand the author, after an amount of usage that would not impair the safety of a muzzle-loader? This is a point as to which the Armstrong guns still remain without a sufficient test. Their performance, of which we have received accounts from China, although in several important respects highly gratifying, necessarily left this question of durability undecided, and so it must continue until they have seen further service. We apprehend that those artillerymen who expressed doubts upon this point never meant to say that the guns would not bear such an amount of wear as they have hitherto undergone. There is no doubt that they performed very well in one or two days' hard fighting, but the important question is, how they would bear a severe campaign. The experience of at least one veteran sportsman in his own peaceful field would probably lead him to anticipate that in war also the muzzle-loader would outlast its rival:—

A perfectly solid breech, free from all suspicious joinings, crevices, and openings, must be by far safer and more effective in any instrument in which so searching a substance as gunpowder has to be compressed and exploded.

We leave these words to produce their own effect on the reader's mind, and, returning to the author's peculiar province, we remark that he allows some superiority to the breech-loader during the first fortnight of September, for the reason that, in general, it can be worked somewhat quicker than the muzzle-loader; but later in the season, "when partridges become wild and require hard hitting," the muzzle-loader is far more useful. He observes, that bad shots and inexperienced sportsmen extol breech-loaders, and for the very good reason that they kill more game with them. The finished sportsman will prefer the muzzle-loader, because it is most efficient in making those difficult shots which show the highest skill. Even in wild-fowl shooting with a punt-gun, where we should have thought the breech-loading principle very valuable, as dispensing with the necessity of shifting a heavy gun in a fragile boat, this author decides against it, on the ground of inferiority of range. Wild-fowl are so vigilant, and the punter is so exposed on the open water, that he needs the gun which shoots sharpest and furthest; and, in the present state of gun-making, the breech-loader does not answer this description.

But we have discussed "Marksman's" objections to breech-loaders at sufficient, or more than sufficient, length. Let us turn for a few moments from that fascinating pursuit of slaughtering our fellow-men, and content ourselves with smaller game—

Enough! permit me now to sing  
The art of killing birds on wing.

Thus quotes the author from a poet, unknown to us before, named Watt, who must not be mistaken for the more celebrated Dr. Watts, as possibly he might be from our citing him in the interest of humanity. We have often thought that the success of the Hythe system of rifle-training, depending as it does upon the strict inculcation of elementary principles, might be advantageously imitated with the sporting-gun; and this opinion has been confirmed by the ascertained fact that musketry instructors trained at Hythe shoot more steadily and surely at birds than they did before being sent to that establishment. We regard this author's "Rudimentary Lessons" in shooting as a hopeful attempt at laying down simple and useful rules. He insists, in the first place, upon the importance of strict silence in the field, and of walking leisurely and quietly up to the dog when he makes a point. His cardinal maxim appears to be that the young sportsman must aim in advance of flying cross-shots, and above straightforward ones. If he adheres to this rule, good shooting is sure to follow. Almost all beginners aim too low and too point-blank in their early practice, and we may add that some of them may go on for a very long time without finding a judicious friend to warn them against this radical defect. By aiming point-blank at a fixed

object the shot will naturally strike below it, unless, indeed, the gun be specially constructed for throwing the charge above the line of aim. If the mark be a bird flying straight away, the shot will pass still further underneath it; and, besides, all birds of game generally continue rising whilst within range. Pheasants gain fifteen or eighteen inches in altitude between the time of pulling trigger and that of the shot reaching forty yards, and partridges often quite as much. The young sportsman should not think of killing if, at the moment of pulling trigger, he sees the bird on wing above the muzzle of the gun. For cross-shots he must aim rather above and well before the bird. The author tells us that he deduced this rule for his own guidance from the following experience:—A brace of partridges rose before him at fifty-five or sixty yards. They flew rapidly to the right, one behind the other, and about two feet apart. He took deliberate aim a few inches in advance of the leading bird, and fired. To his surprise the hindmost bird fell dead, and he found five shots in its head and neck. The leading bird flew away untouched. The author felt as if a curtain had risen before him and exposed the true secret of the art of killing in cross-shots, and he soon received the delightful congratulations of his friends "on a very sudden and wonderful improvement in his shooting at long ranges." We think that the young sportsman who will study and act upon this and similar lessons contained in the little book before us, cannot fail to enjoy to some extent the same pleasure; and if nature has given to him a quick eye and steady hand and nerve, he will have placed himself in the right road to attain the reputation of a "dead shot."

#### AFGHAN LITERATURE.\*

IT will scarcely be believed that there has existed hitherto no grammar of the Afghan language for Englishmen, and that less is known of that tongue among the Oriental scholars of Europe than of the jargon of the gipsies or the dialect of the Papuas. Still less will it be believed that the only country in which any attempt has been made at teaching the language of the Afghans was not England, but Russia, where, as early as 1840, Professor Dorn, a member of the Imperial Academy, published *Grammatical Notes on the Language of the Afghans*, followed in 1847 by a *Chrestomathy of the Pushtu or Afghan Language*. At last, after many years of expectation, we have just received from Captain Raverty a good instalment of Afghan literature, consisting of three magnificent volumes in quarto, and comprising—1, "A Grammar of the Puk'hto, Pus'hto, or Language of the Afghans;" 2, "A Dictionary of the Puk'hto, Pus'hto, or Language of the Afghans;" and 3, "Selections, Prose and Poetical, of the Pus'hto, or Afghan Language," entitled, "Gulshan-i-Roh;" i.e., Flower-garden of Roh—Roh being the name of the mountainous country, from whence the name of Rohillas, or mountaineers. We learn from Captain Raverty's preface that he is not to be blamed for the delay which has occurred in the publication of his works, and that his Grammar, at least, might have been published long ago if it had not been for the old adage—"Habent sua fata libelli." He began his studies of the Afghan language in 1849-50, when stationed at Peshawar with his regiment, which formed part of the Bombay division of the army of the Punjab. With the assistance of two natives, one of Hashtnagar, in the Doab of Peshawar, and another, a native of Kandahar, Captain Raverty succeeded in mastering their language and composing a copious Grammar. This was submitted, in 1852, to the Governor-General, forwarded by him to the late Punjab Board of Administration, and from thence to the late Commissioners of Peshawar, to be reported on by "competent judges." The author is still waiting for their report, and the MS. has never been heard of. Fortunately, the writer had preserved another copy, which he forwarded to the Government of Bombay and laid before the Court of Directors. The Court, with its well-known liberality, ordered the Grammar to be printed at the public expense, provided no other work of a similar nature might have been already undertaken by the Supreme Government. It so happened, however, that in the meantime a promise had been given to an officer in the Bengal army, to the effect that a grammar of the Afghan language which he had offered to write should be printed at the expense of Government. This grammar was published in 1854, and has to a certain extent deprived Captain Raverty of the satisfaction of having been the first Englishman to write, or at least to publish, a grammar of the language of the Afghans. We say "to a certain extent," for the existence of that grammar was hardly known out of India; and only a year later Captain Raverty was enabled, through the liberality of his friends, to publish his much more complete grammar—not confined, like that of his rival, to the dialect spoken in the Trans-Indus territories, but comprising both the Western and Eastern dialects, and illustrated by examples from the best writers. This first edition, which was printed at Calcutta in 1855, has now been followed by a second edition, which has had the benefit of the author's careful corrections, and will probably continue the standard grammar of this interesting and important language for many years to come.

\* *A Grammar of the Afghan Language*. By Captain H. G. Raverty. *A Dictionary of the Afghan Language*. By Captain H. G. Raverty. *Selections, Prose and Poetical, in the Afghan Language*. By Captain H. G. Raverty. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.



It cannot be our object to criticise this work. The facts of every grammar may be generally supposed to be correct, for few would venture to write a grammar without being acquainted with the rules of declension and conjugation, or without being able to copy accurately from previous grammars the paradigms of nouns and verbs. It is still more difficult to offer any observations on grammars which profess to give for the first time the grammatical outlines of languages either altogether unknown previously or inaccessible through the channels of a written literature. Though we should not class Captain Raverty's *Grammar of the Afghan Language* with the grammars of African or Australian dialects which we owe to the indefatigable zeal of our missionaries, or with the grammars of the tribes of Northern Asia due to such martyrs of science as Castrén, yet there are many things in a grammar of the Afghan language which must naturally be taken on trust. That the language of the Afghans cannot be compared with the dialects of illiterate tribes was known even before Captain Raverty had published his *Flower Garden of Roh*; and it is certainly surprising that a man who is generally supposed to speak with authority, Sir John Logan, should have spoken of it as being "merely a colloquial language." As early as A.D. 1417, there are traces of historical literature in the Afghan language; and Captain Raverty assures us that even before that time the Afghans had made some progress in literary composition, though he has hitherto failed in procuring MSS. of any earlier works.

The only points on which a grammarian might expect to hear the opinion of critics—always taking it for granted that his facts and rules are correct—are the arrangement and systematic treatment of his subject, and his more or less successful method of explaining difficult points. A grammar should of course be correct and accurate, but it need not display a great amount of learning, or enter into the bye-paths of recondite research. On the contrary, the first duty of a grammarian is to teach his language, and therefore to keep out of sight what at first is sure to impede the progress of his pupils. We are ready to appreciate elaborate treatises on the most abstruse points of grammar; and the four books which Hermann devoted to the particle *av*, do not exhaust the whole nature, history, and employment of this single particle. But for practical purposes, for which alone a grammar is intended, we know of but one criterion of excellence, which is, "the shorter the grammar the better." In this respect Captain Raverty's *Afghan Grammar* seems to be open to improvement, for 200 pages quarto are too much for the grammatical anatomy of any language, however difficult and complicated.

On the practical importance of an Afghan grammar we need not waste any words. The English army paid with its best blood for the blunders of those who were unable to fathom the treachery of the Afghans, chiefly owing to their ignorance of the language of the people whom they thought they had both conquered and subdued. We read in Lady Sale's *Journal*, that the traitor, Mohammed Akber, was able, before the eyes of the English officers, to excite the Afghans, in their own language, to the murder of the unbelievers, while giving his words of command in Persian, in order to convince the English, who knew that language, of the friendly disposition of himself and his followers. Captain Raverty speaks freely and strongly on the subject. He says, "The death of Dost Mohammed Khan, who has long since passed his seventieth year, is an event which cannot be far off. It will be the signal for dissensions that will, I fear, deluge Afghanistan with blood; and in which, for the sake of our own safety, we may be compelled, as in the case of the Sikhs, to interfere. Therefore, in whatever light the question be reviewed, the cultivation of the Pushto language is necessary."

But there is another interest peculiar to this language, and on this we have to say a few words. In the classification of languages, the language of Afghanistan has hitherto been ranged as a member of the Aryan or Indo-European family. The evidence on the subject, though scanty, seemed sufficient as long as no objections of any weight had been brought forward. It was known, however, that Captain Raverty entertained a different opinion on the subject, and that he considered the nucleus of the language to be Semitic. Such a change could not be made lightly; and as Captain Raverty had devoted more time than any one to the study of Pushto, not excepting even Professor Dorn, on whose authority the Indo-European character of that language had been generally accepted, we looked forward with real interest to the arguments by which the Indo-European family was to be deprived of one of its recognised members. With all possible respect, however, for Captain Raverty's acquirements in Oriental languages, we cannot but regret that he should have entered on this question. He has evidently paid but slight attention to the results obtained in Comparative Philology, and to the real criteria of relationship among the members of one and the same family of speech. In the very first page of his *Introductory Remarks*, Captain Raverty argues that Pushto bears much more similarity to the modern Persian and the Semitic languages than to the hybrid dialect called Urdu or Hindustani. On page xvi., the modern Persian is again classed with the Semitic dialects. On page xvii., we are told that the Pushto pronouns have no similarity whatever with those of the Sanskrit family of languages, but have a great affinity to those of the Semitic dialects, and to the Pehlavi, Persian, and Sindhi. Soon after the Slavonic and Tartarian tongues are mentioned together as

contradistinguished from the Indo-European family; and at last we arrive at the conclusion that the Afghans are a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel. We need say no more to convince the student of Comparative Philology that he must not expect from Captain Raverty any decisive arguments on the relationship of the language of the Afghans with any other language. If the Afghans spoke a Semitic language, their grammar would have told its tale long ago. The features of Semitic grammar are so distinct that we remember no instance of a really spoken and literary language—such as the language of the Afghans—whose Semitic character, if Semitic, has ever been called in question. The modern Arabic, the modern Maltese, the modern Syriac, though all considerably reduced and depraved, could not hide their Semitic origin for a moment. Questions of relationship in languages must be settled by the evidence of grammar; and as grammar is liable to considerable changes, it is necessary that the nature of these changes should be perfectly understood. It is quite possible that not a single termination of the noun and verb should be the same in two languages, and that, nevertheless, these languages should stand to each other in a well-defined relation. If we adopted Captain Raverty's mode of arguing, it would be impossible to prove that either French, or Russian, or modern Persian, or Urdu belonged to one and the same family of languages—the Indo-European. The differences which he points out between the Afghani and Sanskrit are the same in kind as those between French and Latin. In Latin the genitive is expressed by an inflexional change of the final vowel; in French no such change takes place, but a distinct word is put at the beginning of the substantive. This sign of the genitive, *du*, seems at first sight to have nothing corresponding to it in Latin, but we find by careful analysis, that *du* is a corruption of the Latin *de illo*. Changes like this take place in the history of all the Aryan languages, and the languages which have undergone these changes are generally comprehended under the name of *analytical*, as distinguished from the *synthetical*. An analytical language may have lost the whole grammatical articulation of its synthetical prototype, and yet be as much the same language as a butterfly is the same animal as the chrysalis or grub. Now the language of the Afghans has clearly entered into the analytical phase, and has lost the ancient Aryan terminations, and supplied their loss by the usual periphrastic contrivances, such as prepositions and auxiliary verbs. It has also admitted a large number of foreign words. Nevertheless, if we look to the numerals, they are clearly Indo-European, and what Semitic dialect has ever adopted Indo-European numerals? There are some curious changes which the old numerals have undergone in Pushto, but they are not more violent than their modifications in Persian, Hindustani, or even in English. The Sanskrit *dasa*, ten, the Latin *decem*, becomes *dah* in Persian, the *s* being changed into an *h*; whereas, in Pushto we find it *las*, where the *s* has been preserved, but the *d*, changed into an *l*. Now, the same change of *d* into *l* may be observed in the English *eleven* and *twelve*, the Gothic *ainlif* and *twalif*, where *lif* has nothing to do with *left*, as it is generally explained, but is a corruption of the Sanskrit *dāsa* in *ekādāsa* and *dvādāsa*, a derivation placed beyond all doubt by the Lithuanian words for eleven and twelve, *wienolika* and *duolika*. To say that the Pushto pronouns have no similarity with those of the Indo-European languages is a strong assertion in face of such forms as *ma* and *ta*, for the oblique cases of the pronouns of the first and second persons; with *da* as a demonstrative pronoun; with *kam* as the interrogative; to say nothing of the affixed personal pronouns *am*, *i*, *ey*, *thou*, *i*, *he*. We know of no Semitic dialect in which the feminine gender is marked by long *a* and long *i*; for instance, *ush*, a male camel, *ushah*, a female camel; *murghumay*, a male kid, *murghuma'i*, a female kid. *Ush*, a camel, is the Sanskrit *ushtra*, *murghumay*, the Sanskrit *mriga*. Nor is the Afghan plural *ushān*, camels, more irregular than the Persian plural *mardān*, men, or the Spanish *amigos*, friends, the accusative having been taken in all these secondary languages as the general case for the plural. We might point out several verbal forms in Pushto which, without great difficulty, could be traced back to the typical forms of the Aryan verb; such as the present participle in *an*, corresponding to the Persian participle in *an*, the Sanskrit *ant*. We see no reason, therefore, for entertaining any doubts of the truly Aryan character of the Afghan language. If the blood of the lost tribes should really be running in the veins of the Afghans, and if the physiologist should really possess the means of tracing back these hardy mountaineers to the Jewish captives of Babylon—a supposition as yet without any scientific basis—the comparative philologist will not be disturbed by such views. He classifies languages by themselves, without inquiring where, or when, or by whom they were spoken, and he leaves the classification of races to the physiologist and ethnologist. Nations may change their languages, as we see over and over again in the history of the world, and the habitat of a language is of less importance in the classification of human speech than the habitat of plants and animals in botany and zoology.

Captain Raverty promises to publish, during the present year, translations from the poetry of the Afghans from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, the originals of which are contained in his *Gulshan-i-Roh*. If we may judge from a few specimens, Captain Raverty will by that work add considerably to the claims which he has acquired on the gratitude of English

students, and we sincerely hope that he may reap the reward which he has so well deserved by his persevering, and, as it would seem hitherto, not well-requited labours in the "Flower-garden of Roh."

#### BONER'S CHAMOIS HUNTING.\*

MR. BONER has published an enlarged edition of a book which deservedly attracted attention on its first appearance, some years ago, and no doubt the present work will be as popular as the original edition. There is a certain degree of sameness about most books of adventure. The best are those which do not aim so much at giving startling accounts of hair-breadth escapes, or technical details about the modes of killing game, as at giving play to a genuine taste for natural history, the enjoyment of picturesque scenery, and a real love for adventure. This is a fair description of Mr. Boner's book. He has obviously an enthusiastic delight not merely in the sport which forms the principal subject of his book, but in all its accessories, and this gives great life and spirit to his description of the various scenes through which he passed.

The district of which Mr. Boner writes is little known in this country, notwithstanding the eagerness with which we explore almost every part of Europe in search either of beauty or of excitement. The Swiss Alps have become a sort of gigantic playground for part of our population. The Tyrol, though less well known, is traversed by English tourists in all directions; but one seldom hears of expeditions to the Bavarian mountains, though, by Mr. Boner's account, they would seem to deserve far more notice than they receive. His experience of them is of long standing, as he was in the habit of shooting deer there as far back as 1847—a date which is now apparently regarded by those who are interested in the game, and especially by the keepers and foresters, as falling within the good old times. The revolution of 1848 was to them the inauguration of a new and disastrous era. Before that time, the mountains and forests were admirably preserved and plentifully stocked. There were abundance of chamois and abundance of red-deer also, to say nothing of inferior animals; but the revolution broke up this sporting paradise. It conferred upon the mass of the peasantry the right of shooting at their own will and pleasure, and they used their newly-acquired right by constantly ranging the mountains at all seasons in pursuit of game, with such an uncontrolled and indiscriminate appetite that in a short time the owners of the forests were obliged to order the keepers to join in the system of extermination, in order that they might at least have part of the proceeds of their own plunder. The book is full of the lamentations of Mr. Boner's friends—the keepers and foresters—over this state of things.

For a certain time, the reader is probably inclined to sympathize with their complaints. It does undoubtedly seem a real cause for regret that so noble a sport should be destroyed, and such fine herds of animals exterminated without pleasure or profit to any one; but after reading the book through, a very different view of the case suggests itself. Anything more horrible than the stories which Mr. Boner tells about the atrocities which, under the old system, the keepers and the poachers reciprocally inflicted on each other, we have seldom read of. Indeed, nothing but the minute detail, the obvious sincerity, and the simplicity and unconsciousness with which the whole story is told, would induce us to believe that such a state of things as Mr. Boner describes can have existed in our own times as a settled and apparently well established and not unpopular condition of society. Even in our own country the game laws give rise to a good deal of bitter feeling. Though neither extensive wastes nor really wild animals exist amongst us, we do not find it altogether easy to make labourers and peasants understand that birds which fly from one field to another as they please are, for the time being, the property of the man in whose turnips they are searching for their food. Even where pheasants are fed like barn-door fowls for a great part of the year, people are found to have a sentiment which, if not very reasonable, is apparently inextinguishable, in favour of the theory that they belong to any one who can take them. Our embarrassments in this matter may give us some sort of notion of the difficulty of bringing men to look upon absolutely wild animals, which roam over hundreds of miles of desolate mountains and woods, as anything else than lawful prizes, and Mr. Boner's book shows that the practical result of this difficulty was to produce a regular internecine war between the keepers and the poachers. If a keeper and a poacher met, they used instantly to fire on each other; and almost all Mr. Boner's informants appear to have felt as little compunction about waylaying a poacher and shooting him dead as a sharpshooter would feel in picking off one of the enemy's gunners or skirmishers. "It was by far the best way," said a forester. "The poachers expected nothing else: they risked their lives, and we risked ours; they knew beforehand that should we happen to meet one of them, he was a dead man, and in some places they treated us in the same manner. As I said, both parties expected nothing else. Neither complained; and if such a poacher got a full charge of swan-shot in his body when we caught him carrying off a roebuck or a chamois, he never laid a complaint . . . knowing

very well that it was his own fault." The book is full of stories which illustrate this state of things. On one occasion, Mr. Boner was out shooting with a forester, who pointed out a green knoll to him as the place where a poacher had been shot. The following conversation ensued:—

"Who shot him?" I asked. "One of the under-foresters; the fellow was a noted poacher, and had already fired several times at the keepers. He was the most desperate in the whole country, and being well known as such, they had often tried to get hold of him and bring him in dead or alive. The young forester was quite alone, and standing just about where we are now, when he saw him from afar coming up the path, so he sat down and waited for him. He knew the path would lead him to yonder hillock, and presently sure enough he saw his head appear, and then his shoulders, and then the whole fellow. He was aiming at him all the while, but it was not till the man had reached the top of the rock and stood before him at his full height that he fired. The ball hit him in the centre of his chest. It was rather strange, but when struck the poacher pulled open his shirt, as if surprised, looked at the shot wound, and then falling forwards on his face, dropped down dead."

Another story is told of a man who, whilst on the mountain, saw twenty-three poachers. He hid himself in a thicket commanding a narrow path by which they would have to pass in single file, and waited there for an hour or more. At last he heard their voices, and when the leading man was within eighty yards he shot him dead. The rest fell back, but at last one of the party declared that he at all events would go on, and he went on accordingly, rifle in hand. When he came within sixty paces the forester fired, shot him through the shoulder, and ran away unperceived. He went down from the mountain by an unusual path, and, thinking the poachers might possibly take the same road, he lay in wait in the bushes, with one barrel loaded with ball and the other with shot. They did come down, and as they crossed a hedge he fired the shot amongst them, and wounded one badly in the breast. The man who told the story of this horrible assassination finished it with the remark "He must have been a brave fellow, must he not?" The poachers treated the keepers quite as ill. A man was lately living who not very long ago was crucified by them, but taken down by passers-by in time to save his life. Their feuds were occasionally aggravated by a sort of border warfare between the Tyrolese and the Bavarians, in which life was taken, for merely sporting reasons, in the most reckless manner.

Mr. Boner's book contains many more attractive stories than these, for which we must refer to the volume itself. They are for the most part accounts of various hunts in the mountains, interspersed with a fair amount of the sort of adventures which must be expected by those who set themselves habitually in slippery places. It is surprising in reading them to find that Mr. Boner speaks with a sort of awe of the ascent of high mountains. One of his companions was altogether overcome by the notion of the perils of ascending the Ortler Spitz, as described by Mr. Boner; and another spoke with horror of his own ascent of one of the Bavarian mountains, some ten thousand feet high. If he would try the experiment, we suspect Mr. Boner would find that there is far less danger, either real or apparent, in ascending the highest mountains under reasonably favourable circumstances, than in some of the incidents which he describes as common in chamois hunting. Every one who knows what mountains are is aware that to have to cross or ascend a steep and slippery grass slope, with a cliff at the bottom, is far more dangerous than to go up such a mountain as the Ortler Spitz. It is wonderful that a man who appears to take the one operation quite as a matter of course should be able to frighten a professional hunter by his accounts of the other. Not a season passes now in which scores of mere amateurs do not ascend Monte Rosa, which is, according to all accounts, a much more difficult mountain. One or two of Mr. Boner's mountain stories are capital. There is one, in particular, about the difficulties of getting at the body of a chamois which had been shot on a narrow ridge on the face of a precipice, which we will not do him the injustice of extracting. It is admirably told, and deserves to be read where it is placed.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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\* *Chamois Hunting in Bavaria and the Tyrol.* By Charles Boner. London: Chapman and Hall, 1860.



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1. That a DIVIDEND OF THIRTEEN PER CENT. per Annum, free of Income-tax, be declared from the profits of the preceding half-year, ending 10th October, 1860. That the surplus profits remaining, amounting to Eight per Cent. per Annum, on the paid up capital of the Company, be carried to the profit and loss account for the ensuing half-year.

2. That with a view to extend the operations of the Company, a further issue of Shares take place, and the share list be opened to the PUBLIC until the 20th inst. That in case of a larger number of shares being applied for than are at the disposal of the Directors, the present holders of shares to have the preference.

Votes of thanks were then carried with enthusiasm to the Board of Management, and the proceedings terminated.

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